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SKETCHES OF WESTERN LIFE.

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Our neighborhood is prolific in *geniuses*. But all our diamonds are in the rough, and live and die unknown to fame, except in their own little circle of friends and critics. It is a question not easily decided, whether they are fortunate or unfortunate in their seclusion from the praise or blame of the great world. They have a great deal of harmless vanity which it would be cruelly to wound, as it is accompanied by so much simplicity, and an entire ignorance of the real value of the talents they possess. Knowledge might make them unhappy: reviewers would miss the poor little buds before they had a chance to become fruit. It is best *their* light should be hidden under a bushel, where there is not much likelihood of it being extinguished before its time by the cold breath of criticism. Of all those gifted individuals, famous for native talent, in our precincts, 'Ik Custis' was undeniably the most deserving of the name of genius: I say *was*, for, poor fellow, he is no more a genius of this world. I remember being much struck by his originality of appearance and character, when I first had the happiness of seeing him. It was at the house of an old friend, who had lately arrived in the country with his family: a very attractive house, for he had three or four pleasant daughters, and I was one of the 'smiled-upon.'

I was sitting, one delightful summer-morning, on the piazza, enjoying a meditative pipe with my old friend, and thinking of his pretty daughters, when I was awakened from my abstraction by a voice, with the sharp, nasal twang of a genuine 'Down-Easter,' making the courteous inquiry:

'Any thin' I can dew for you to-day, Mister?'

I glanced up and perceived a tall, lank, meagre-visaged figure, on a sprained old roan mare, which seemed hardly able to carry the weight of her rider, much less the enormous pair of saddle-bags which nearly hid her from view.

'Any cradlin', any mowin' standin', or any rail-splittin'—ye ha' n't engaged?'—asked the scare-crow apparition, with an expansive and benign smile, divided between my friend and me.

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The old gentleman gave a most laconic 'No!' for answer, and resumed his pipe, to signify that he wished no farther conversation with the gifted individual before him: but he, however, was not to be so easily put off; for he dismounted leisurely, and picking up a chip, seated himself on the porch-rail, with the old mare's bridle over his arm, and commenced whittling and talking:

'Well, now, Mister, guess you'd like tew hev' your picter done, or may-be the women-folks would? Here's the feller can do it for ye, if ye would.' Finding no answer forthcoming, he continued: 'If ye jest want a small specification of how I dew it, why there's the old Jidge's—old Jidge Harris, over in the Grove: I took his'n, and it can't be beat, no how! Ye see, *he* hung off about it, jist like yourself, at fust. But now I'll set a spell, and tell you 'zactly how it was: I went one day, when I was dreadful short o' cash, to borrrer a dollar from the Jidge, but the old cuss was so *cussed* mean, he would n't gin it to me no how. He swore he had n't a shillin' to-hum. I know'd better; so I sot a gabbin' some time, and at last sez I, 'Jidge! did you ever hev your portrait tuck?'

'No!' sez he, ugly as you please, 'nor never mean to, nuther.'

'Dew tell!' sez I; 'why, you ha' n't got no young uns as I knows on, nor a' n't likely to hev, and now you're a goin' down to the silent tomb, without leavin' any memorial whatsumever of your hevin' been Jidge seven year nor more.'

'Now you'd better believe *that* match went off like nothin'!

'Why,' sez he, a settin' straight up, 'I never thought o' *that* afore: conscience!—ef I hev!'

'Time enough, Jidge,' sez I; 'and I'm the feller can dew it for you, easy as butcherin'!'

'What's the cost?' sez he.

'Why,' sez I, 'seein' you're an old friend, and ha' n't got no ha'r, I'll do it cheap: say twelve shillin'.'

'Done!' sez he: 'but whar's your fixins?'

'I hev' 'em out here convenient,' sez I: 'I allers carries 'em along with me, in case some one might be taken of a suddent with a notion to hev their picter—'specially the women-folks.'

'Well, you get ready,' sez he, 'and I'll go and slick up a bit.'

'Well, I set to, and worked like smoke, till I come to the shiny old head of the critter. 'It a' n't o' no use, Jidge,' sez I: 'it won't work, no ways. I must give you some kiverin'.'

'Betsy,' sez he, a-callin' to old Marm Harris, 'fitch me my old wig.'

'Heavenly marcies!' sez she, 'if that don't beat creation! When you guv it to the masons yourself last fall, to mix the plasterin' for the new back kitching, when they could n't get no ha'r any whar!'

'What's to be done now, Ik?' sez he.

'Never mind,' sez I: 'I'll gin you a head of ha'r'll astonish the natives.' Arter a spell, old Marm Harris come a-peakin' over my shoulder, and bursts out a larfin:

'Why,' sez she, 'you've made his top parts as black as the old bell-wether's, and he was allers as red about the head as a turkey-gobbler!'

'Hold your tongue, Mammy, can't you?' sez the Jidge: 'can't I get a black wig when I goes east next spring?'

'Old Marm shut up, but I seed she war n't pleased: she went off to wash the dishes, grumblin' at me. But I knowed how to come round the old lady. 'Marm Harris,' sez I, kind o' coaxin'-like, 'jest you stand as you are now, and I'll find room for ye:' and I jest tuk a view of her back parts as she was a washin' the dishes; and I tell ye now, it was as like as life, and more. There was the hooks a-bustin' off her dress: you could a'most hear 'em crack; and the dish-water a drip, drip, drip-pin' from the table—all about twice as nat'ral as life. It was the best picter I ever took, and *no* mistake.'

As he finished his story, his eyes remained on me; and putting his hand in his pocket, with a peculiarly knowing look, he drew forth a crumpled piece of paper, and said, with an insinuating smile, 'P'r'aps you'd like me to write an acrostic on your young woman's name. Here's one on the names of Ameliar Ann, and her young man, William Jones. It's hardly a fair sample, though, for I made it all while I was up in the timber, a-splittin' rails for old Hiram Powers, and I had n't no dictionary, nor nothin', to find the rhymes to it.'

I politely but positively declined the poetical assistance of Mr. Custis: and rising lazily from his seat, with a look of blank disappointment, the man of genius moved slowly away. But suddenly a bright thought seemed to strike him: he returned, and again addressed the old gentleman. Taking a handful of boxes out of his pocket, he began briskly: 'Any body got the agur here? It looks as though there was a dreadful smart chance for it here, it's so low and ma'shy.' He looked at the beautiful prairie, sloping down to the river, as he spoke. This remark elicited a short, angry negative from my old friend:

'Oh, you ha' n't?' said the imperturbable Yankee. 'Well, may-be you'll ketch it some time, and these 'ere pills was made by a bully-good doctor. They'll cure the agur, sure as shootin'. Why, now, let me tell ye, I've hed it, on and off, more'n a year, or may-be three, and if I had n't taken fifteen boxes of these 'ere pills, may-be I would n't 'a bin *no wheres* now. They've done me a heap o' good. Say, old gentleman, hev a box?'

My old friend closed his eyes and made no response: so the poor pill-vender lingeringly mounted his Rosinante, and went off muttering wrathfully to himself: 'That old hoss's a dotin', or somethin' wuss: but I guess the agur'll shake it out of him yet!'

Strange and ignorant as poor Ik Custis appeared, he was as great, perhaps a greater genius, than many who have a niche in the temple of Fame. In fact, it is a certain proof of talent that a man like him, brought up in the lowest walks of life, should evince such tastes, and prosecute them as far as his means and advantages allowed. Poor Custis! he was happier that he never knew his real worth, or experienced the heart-burning which more knowledge gives to genius.

It is some years ago since we sustained an almost irreparable loss in the death (by drowning) of a little red-headed carpenter, who shone as an author of pathetic and satirical poems, and a composer of western melodies, the words of which were interlarded by very singular French: in fact, it was necessary he should sing his own songs, (which he did with much emphasis,) and to interpret the French aforesaid, before the most

learned could comprehend the wit and beauty of his productions. His minstrelsy, both words and music, died with the author. His place has never been supplied, and never will be, in these enlightened hum-drum days of the west.

Our rare, our truly original geniuses, or *genii*, are all vanishing before civilization. They have ceased to be content. They learn a little, and failing in their endeavors to learn more, become misanthropes, and write bitter nothings against all mankind, or bewail, in weak egotistical rhymes, their own hard fortune. True it is, 'a little learning is a dangerous thing.'

We have several of this sort now, I am sorry to say, unhappy in themselves, and a nuisance to their friends and country-editors. They feel—or imagine they feel, which amounts to the same thing—that they are predestined to shine as great lights to illumine the world, instead of being content, as heretofore, to brighten their own small circle, like respectable candles which the first breath of criticism could puff out. No! they must all be Byrons or Nortons, without the genius of either, or enduring the trials which perhaps made those two luminaries. But really, a poet has a very hard life in the west. The country is too new for your gilt-edged-paper poets; too full of actualities and necessities for the abstracted; too simple and home-like for the terrible and magnificent; too few of the luxuries and elegances of life for the sentimentalist. For instance, here is a scene in the house of a young poetess, who has all the work to do, from an inability to find a servant, a luxury very hard to keep in the west.

Young poetess engaged in writing an impassioned poem. Husband standing in an unsympathizing attitude, endeavoring to make himself heard:

POETESS: 'Tell me, my heart, whence springs this bitter tear?'

HUSBAND: 'I've asked you for my slippers *twice*, my dear.'

POETESS, *in provoked prose*: 'Oh! they're some where, Charles: do look for them yourself, and let me write!'

'Tell me, my heart, whence springs this bitter tear?'

HUSBAND: 'I tell you what, Jane, bacon's scarce this year!'

POETESS, *angrily*: 'Oh! Charles, I wish you would save your bacon, and let me write. You keep putting the rhyme out of my head.'

HUSBAND, *pathetically*: 'Ah! my dear, I wish I *could* do that!'

POETESS: 'Tell me, my heart, whence springs this bitter tear?'

One of the children coughs violently in bed.

HUSBAND, *distractedly*: 'Poor Tommy's got the whooping-cough, I fear!'

POETESS *throws down her pen in desperation, and exclaims*: 'Well; I wish you were all *any* where but here!'

Now I ask any of the poetical fraternity, *could* they endure this, and continue poets? Our native genius was the only kind that could flourish here, and it has generally become sadly adulterated of later years. There are no more *Ik Cushtises* and musical carpenters at the present day, to enchant Yenest country-folks with their simple talents. No more! no more! oh are gone, good old innocent days!—and all our rough diamonds are disappearing too.

I feel almost inclined to agree with a poor hunter, who lived here some fifteen or sixteen years ago, when the west was what one less experienced might have considered wild, or at least *wildish*. He was a tall, gaunt-leathern-faced man: always habited in fur-cap, blanket-coat, rabbit, skin waist-coat, and deer-hide pantaloons, or leggins, and moccasins. He was in truth a very good representative of the leather-stocking. He lived all alone, in a small log-house, by the bank of the river: yet he was not quite solitary, for he had the companionship of a large woolly dog, a very attached and faithful animal. But in a year or two the man began to look discontented, and spoke of selling his farm. On being asked why he wished to dispose of it, he answered sorrowfully: 'Oh! it's growin' so crowded with folks a comin' into the country, I can't go two miles, some ways from the cabin, without comin' on a clearin' or a house; and cart-tracks is so plenty, I can't stand it. I must go to loway, to get rid o' the folks. I heern *that* country a'n't ruined yit.'

Well, well: the 'wisest man the world e'er saw' said there was 'a time for every thing;' so we must be content in the belief that there *was* a time for the west to be wild and blooming, and a time for it to be civil lized and '*done up*,' as they say of rejuvenated ladies, of a certain age. It *is* satisfactory to think there is a time for every thing: so there was a time for writing 'Sketches of Western Life,' and now the time is past: and I make my bow, wishing both critics and admirers a polite adieu.

S. M.

C H A N G E S .

Oh! hast thou never watched the smile
That plays on Youth's full, rosy face,
And sighed that after-years shall change
The smile to a grimace?

That the bright rose shall wither too,
That now adorns the rounded cheek;
And that which seems all health and glow,
Shall seem all wan and bleak?

I've seen the maiden, young and pure,
Move gaily on, to cheer and bless
Fond hearts that loved: a day hath made
Those hearts a wilderness!

I've seen the bright-eyed, prattling boy,
Whose little heart beat joyously,
Cut down by that dread mower, DEATH,
E'en in his very glee!

I've seen the wealth that years amassed
In one short moment swept away;
The names it gilded and made great
Have passed into decay.

The friends we cherished years ago,
Whom *then* we pledged, with Friendship's vow,
Ne'er to forsake, and ne'er forget —
Alas! where are they now?

S U M M E R S A I L I N G .

ALL the day long upon the rolling river
We sail beneath the burning summer-sun;
Weary we watch the noiseless wavelets quiver,
And doze and dream, while floating idly on.

No breath of breeze the leaden sail uplifting;
No stir or motion on the water wide:
But on its brazen bosom slowly drifting,
We scarcely feel the gently-flowing tide.

The agile airs that in the morning started
To blow the vapors from the sun's broad face,
And chase them up the hill-side, have departed,
With drooping wings, all wearied with the race.

Our little vessel cleaves the waves no longer,
Dashing the water bravely from her bow,
And bending proudly, as the breeze grows stronger —
For nothing stirs her but the tide-wave now.

But as a warrior from the field hard-fought,
In his love's arms lies listlessly at rest,
So she, her feats of sailing soon forgot,
Droops fainting on the water's burning breast.

The rude lips of the ruffian sun are drinking
Hot kisses from the wavelets as they glide:
Like timid maids, from his embraces shrinking,
They long to find a home wherein to hide.

They cannot know that God, in his own fashion,
Doing, as always, all things for the best,
Makes them the purer for this fiery passion,
Before the sun has sunk within the west.

Our souls — at least when passion has passed through us,
And left us prey to bitter fears and pains —
Become the better for the love that drew us,
Softened and soothed by gentle evening rains.

The slender sword-fish, whirling as if crazy,
Darts on the sleeping surface to and fro;
And in the water-grass, alone and lazy,
Quiet and cosy, lies the perch below.

As near the flats, so calm and deathly quiet,
Silent as ghosts, we hold our toilsome way,
Our half-shut eyes, where fantasies run riot,
See forms beneath, that beckon us to stay.

In the dank weeds we image flowing tresses,
And in the buds beneath, unearthly eyes;
And arms are twining there in soft caresses —
Fair love-knots, which our cruel keel unties.

The hours of afternoon slip by us slowly,
 And slowly steals along the silent tide;
 From the mast's head our flag is drooping lowly;
 The dripping sheet hangs heavy o'er the side.

And so we sail, this summer's day, untiring,
 But glad when sun-set shows us near to night,
 And the great Armorer his forge is firing,
 To sharpen sun-beams for the next day's fight.

Then, when the shades of evening gather o'er us,
 We cast our anchor in a quiet cove:
 The white moon sleeps upon the waves before us,
 And tangled vines and branches bend above.

New-York.

EDWARD WILLETT.

THE GYPSIES OF ART.

TRANSLATED FOR THE KNICKERBOCKER FROM HENRY MURGER'S 'SCENES DE
 LA BOHEME.'

BY CHARLES ASTOR BRISTED.

CHAPTER FIVE.

THE BILLOWS OF PACTOLUS.

It was the nineteenth of March, 184—. Should Rodolphe reach the age of Methusaleh, he will never forget the date; for it was on that day, at three in the afternoon, that our friend issued from a banker's office where he had just received five hundred francs in current and sounding specie.

The first use Rodolphe made of this slice of Peru which had fallen into his pocket was *not* to pay his debts, inasmuch as he had sworn to himself to practise economy and go to no extra expense. He had a fixed idea on this subject, and declared that before thinking of superfluities, one ought to provide for necessities. Therefore it was that he paid none of his creditors, and bought a Turkish pipe which he had long coveted.

Armed with this purchase, he directed his steps toward the lodging of his friend Marcel, who had for some time given him shelter. As he entered Marcel's *atelier*, Rodolphe's pockets rang like a village-steeple on a grand holiday. On hearing this unusual sound, Marcel supposed it was one of his neighbors, a great speculator, counting his profits on 'Change, and muttered: 'There's that impertinent fellow next door beginning his music again! If this is to go on, I shall give notice to the landlord. It's impossible to work with such a noise. It tempts one to quit one's condition of poor artist and turn robber, forty times over.' So, never suspecting that it was his friend Rodolphe changed into a Croesus, Marcel reëplied himself to his *Passage of the Red Sea*, which had been on his easel nearly three years.

Rodolphe, who had not yet spoken, meditating an experiment which he was about to make on his friend, said to himself: 'We shall laugh in a minute. *Won't it be fun?*' and he let fall a piece of five francs on the floor.

Marcel raised his eyes and looked at Rodolphe, who was as grave as an article in the *Revue des deux Mondes*.^{*} Then he picked up the piece of money with a well-satisfied air, and made a courteous salute to it; for, vagabond artist as he was, he understood the usages of society, and was very civil to strangers. Knowing, moreover, that Rodolphe had gone out to look for money, Marcel, seeing that his friend had succeeded in his operations, contented himself with admiring the result, without inquiring by what means it had been obtained. Accordingly, he went to work again without speaking, and finished drowning an Egyptian in the waves of the Red Sea. As he was terminating this homicide, Rodolphe let fall another piece, laughing in his sleeve at the face the painter was going to make.

At the sonorous sound of the metal, Marcel bounded up as if he had received an electric shock, and cried: 'What! Number two!!'

A third piece rolled on the floor; then another; then one more; finally a whole quadrille of five-franc pieces were dancing in the room.

Marcel began to show evident signs of mental alienation; and Rodolphe laughed like the pit of a Parisian theatre at the first representation of a very tragical tragedy. Suddenly, and without any warning, he plunged both hands into his pockets, and the money rushed out in a supernatural steeple-chase. It was an inundation of Pactolus; it was Jupiter entering Danaë's chamber.

Marcel remained silent, motionless, with a fixed stare; his astonishment was gradually operating upon him a transformation similar to that which the untimely curiosity of Mrs. Lot brought upon her: by the time that Rodolphe had thrown his last hundred francs on the floor, the painter was petrified all down one side of his body.

Rodolphe laughed and laughed. Compared with his stormy mirth, the thunder of an orchestra of sax-horns would have been no more than the crying of a child at the breast.

Stunned, strangled, stupefied by his emotions, Marcel thought himself in a dream. To drive away the night-mare, he bit his finger till he brought blood, and almost made himself scream with pain. He then perceived that, though trampling upon money, he was perfectly awake. Like a personage in a tragedy, he ejaculated: 'Can I believe my eyes?' and then seizing Rodolphe's hand, he added:

'Explain me this mystery.'

'Did I explain it, 't would be one no more.'

'Come now!'

'This gold is the fruit of the sweat of my brow,' said Rodolphe, picking up the money and arranging it on the table. He then went a few steps and looked respectfully at the five hundred francs ranged in heaps, thinking to himself: 'Now, then, my dreams will be realized!'

'There cannot be much less than six thousand francs there,' thought

^{*} Answering to our *North-American*.

Marcel to himself, as he regarded the silver which trembled on the table. 'I've an idea! I shall ask Rodolphe to buy my *Passage of the Red Sea*.'

All at once Rodolphe put himself into a theatrical attitude, and, with great solemnity of voice and gesture, addressed the artist:

'Listen to me, Marcel: the fortune which has dazzled your eyes is not the product of vile manœuvres; I have not sold my pen; I am rich, but honest. This gold, bestowed by a generous hand, I have sworn to use in laboriously acquiring a serious position—such as a virtuous man should have. Labor is the most sacred of duties'——

'And the horse, the noblest of animals,' interrupted Marcel. 'Bah! where did you get that sermon? Been through a course of good sense, no doubt.'

'Interrupt me not,' replied Rodolphe, 'and truce to your railleries. They will be blunted against the buckler of invulnerable resolution in which I am from this moment clad.'

'That will do for prologue. Now the conclusion.'

'This is my design. No longer embarrassed about the material wants of life, I am going seriously to work. First of all, I renounce my vagabond existence; I shall dress like other people, set up a black coat, and go to evening-parties. If you are willing to follow in my foot-steps, we will continue to live together; but you must adopt my programme. The strictest economy will preside over our life. By proper management we have before us three months' work without any preoccupation. But we must be economical.'

'My dear fellow,' said Marcel, 'economy is a science only practicable for rich people; you and I, therefore, are ignorant of its first elements. However, by making an outlay of six francs we can have the works of Mr. Say, a very distinguished economist, who will perhaps teach us how to practise the art. Hallo! you have a Turkish pipe there!'

'Yes; I bought it for twenty-five francs.'

'How is that! You talk of economy, and give twenty-five francs for a pipe!'

'And this is an economy. I used to break a two-sous pipe every day, and at the end of the year that came to a great deal more.'

'True; I should never have thought of that.'

They heard a neighboring clock strike six.

'Let us have dinner at once,' said Rodolphe. 'I mean to begin from to-night. Talking of dinner, it occurs to me that we lose much valuable time every day in cooking ours; now time is money, so we must economize it. From this day we will dine out.'

'Yes,' said Marcel, 'there is a capital eating-house twenty steps off. It's rather dear, but not far to go, so we shall gain in time what we lose in money.'

'We will go there to-day,' said Rodolphe, 'but to-morrow or next day we will adopt a still more economical plan. Instead of going to the eating-house, we will hire a cook.'

'No, no,' put in Marcel, 'we will hire a servant to be cook and every thing. Just see the immense advantages which will result from it. First of all, our rooms will be always in order; he will clean our boots, go of

errands, wash my pencils; I will even try and give him a taste for the fine-arts, and make him grind colors. In this way we shall save at least six hours a day.'

Five minutes after, the two friends were installed in one of the little rooms of the eating-house, and continuing their schemes of economy.

'We must get an intelligent lad,' said Rodolphe; 'if he has a sprinkling of spelling, I will teach him to write articles, and make an editor of him.'

'That will be a resource for his old age,' said Marcel, adding up the bill. 'Well, this *is* dear, rather! Fifteen francs! We used both to dine for a franc and a half.'

'Yes,' replied Rodolphe, 'but then we dined so badly that we were obliged to sup at night. So, on the whole, it is an economy.'

'You always have the best of the argument,' muttered the convinced artist. 'Shall we work to-night?'

'No, indeed! I shall go to see my uncle. He is a good fellow, and will give me good advice when I tell him my new position. And you, Marcel?'

'I shall go to old Medicis to ask him if he has any restorations of pictures to give me. By the way, give me five francs.'

'For what?'

'To cross the *Pont des Arts*.'

Two sous to cross a bridge when you go over another for nothing! That is a useless expense; and, though an inconsiderable one, is a violation of our rule.'

'I am wrong, to be sure,' said Marcel. 'I will take a cab and go by the *Pont Neuf*.'

So the two friends quitted each other in opposite directions, but somehow the different roads brought them to the same place, and they didn't go home till morning.

Two days after, Rodolphe and Marcel were completely metamorphosed. Dressed like two bride-grooms of the best society, they were so elegant, and neat, and shining, that they hardly recognized each other when they met in the street. Still their system of economy was in full blast, though it was not without much difficulty that their 'organization of labor' had been realized. They had taken a servant; a big fellow thirty-four years old, of Swiss descent, and about as clever as an average donkey.

But Baptiste was not born to be a servant; he had a soul above his business; and if one of his masters gave him a parcel to carry, he blushed with indignation, and sent it by a porter. However, he had some merits; for instance, he could hash hare well; and his first profession having been that of distiller, he passed much of his time—or his masters', rather—in trying to invent a new kind of liniment; he also succeeded in the preparation of lamp-black. But where he was unrivalled was in smoking Marcel's cigars and lighting them with Rodolphe's manuscripts.

One day Marcel wanted to put Baptiste into costume, and make him sit for Pharaoh in his *Passage of the Red Sea*. To this proposition Baptiste replied by a flat refusal, and demanded his wages.

'Very well,' said Marcel, 'I will settle with you to-night.'

When Rodolphe returned, his friend declared that they must send away Baptiste. 'He is of no use to us at all.'

'No, indeed — only an ornament, and not much of that.'

'Awfully stupid.'

'And equally lazy.'

'We must turn him off.'

'Let's!'

'Still, he has some good points. He hashes hare very well.'

'And the lamp-black! He is a very Raphael for that.'

'Yes; but that's all he is good for. We lose time arguing with him.'

'He keeps us from working.'

'He is the cause of my *Passage* not being finished in time for the Exhibition. He wouldn't sit for Pharaoh.'

'Thanks to him, I could n't finish my article in time. He wouldn't go to the library for the notes I wanted.'

'He is ruining us.'

'Decidedly we can't keep him.'

'Send him away then! But we must pay him.'

'That we will. Give me the money, and I will settle accounts with him.'

'Money! But it is not I who keeps the purse, but you.'

'Not at all! It is *you* who are charged with the financial department.'

'But I assure you,' said Marcel, 'I have no money.'

'Can there be no more? It is impossible! We *can't* have spent five hundred francs in eight days, especially living with the most rigid economy, as we have done, and confining ourselves to absolute necessities: [absolute superfluities, he should have said.] We must look over our accounts; we shall find where the mistake is.'

'Yes, but we won't find where the money is. However, let us see the account-book, at any rate.'

And this is the way they kept their accounts, which had been begun under the auspices of Saint Economy:

'March nineteenth. Received five hundred francs. Paid, a Turkish pipe, twenty-five francs; dinner, fifteen francs; sundries, forty.'

'What are those *sundries*?' asked Rodolphe of Marcel, who was reading.

'You know very well,' replied the other: 'that night when we didn't go home till morning. We saved fuel and candles by that.'

'Well, afterward?'

'March twentieth. Breakfast, a franc and a half; tobacco, four sous; dinner, two francs; a lorgnon, two and a half francs' — that goes to your account. What did you want a glass for? You see perfectly.'

'You know I had to give an account of the Exhibition in the *Scarf of Iris*. It is impossible to criticise paintings without a glass. The expense is quite legitimate. Well? —'

'A bamboo-cane —'

'Ah, *that* goes to your account,' said Rodolphe. 'You didn't want a cane.'

'That is all we spent the twentieth,' was Marcel's only answer. 'The twenty-first we breakfasted out, and dined out, and supped out.'

'We ought not to have spent much that day.'

'Not much, in fact — hardly thirty francs.'

'But what for?'

'I don't know; it's marked *sundries*.'

'Vague and treacherous heading!'

'*The twenty-first.* (The day that Baptiste came.) *Five francs to him on account of his wages. Half a franc to the organ-man.*

'*The twenty-third.* Nothing set down. *Twenty-fourth, ditto.* Two good days!'

'*Twenty-fifth.* *Baptiste, on account, three francs.*' It seems to me we give him money very often,' said Marcel, by way of reflection.

'There will be less owing to him,' said Rodolphe. 'Go on!'

'*Twenty-sixth.* *Sundries, useful in an artistic point of view, thirty-six francs.*

'What did we buy that was useful? I don't recollect. What *can* it be?'

'You don't remember! The day we went to the top of *Notre Dame* for a bird's-eye view of Paris.'

'But it costs only eight sous to go up the tower.'

'Yes, but then we went to dine at St. Germain after we came down.'

'Clear as mud!'

'*Twenty-seventh.* Nothing set down.'

'Good! There's economy for you!'

'*Twenty-eighth.* *Baptiste, on account, six francs.*

'Now this time I am sure we owe Baptiste nothing more. Perhaps he is even in our debt. We must see.'

'*Twenty-ninth.* Nothing set down, except the beginning of an article on social morals.'

'*Thirtieth.* Ah! we had company at dinner—heavy expenses the thirtieth; fifty-five francs. *Thirty-first*—that's to-day—we have spent nothing yet. You see,' continued Marcel, 'the account has been kept very carefully, and the total does not reach five hundred francs.'

'Then there ought to be money in the drawer.'

'We can see,' said Marcel, opening it.

'Any thing there?'

'Yes, a spider.'

'A SPIDER in the morning
Of sorrow is a warning,'

hummed Rodolphe.

'Where the d—! has all the money gone?' exclaimed Marcel, totally upset at the sight of the empty drawer.

'Very simple,' replied Rodolphe. 'Baptiste has had it all.'

'Stop a minute!' cried Marcel, rummaging in the drawer, where he perceived a paper. 'The bill for last quarter's rent!'

'How did it come there?'

'And *paid*, too,' added Marcel. 'You paid the landlord, then!'

'Me! Come now!' said Rodolphe.

'But what means ——'

'But I assure you ——'

'*Oh, what can be this mystery?*' sang the two in chorus to the final air of the *White Lady*.

Baptiste, who loved music, came running in at once. Marcel showed him the paper.

'Ah, yes,' said Baptiste, carelessly, 'I forgot to tell you. The landlord came this morning while you were out. I paid him, to save him the trouble of coming back.'

'Where did you find the money?'

'I took it out of the open drawer. I thought, Sir, you had left it open on purpose, and forgot to tell me to pay him, so I did just as if you had told me.'

'Baptiste!' said Marcel, in a white heat, 'you have gone beyond your orders. From this day you cease to form part of our household. Take off your livery!'

Baptiste took off the glazed leather-cap which composed his livery, and handed it to Marcel.

'Very well,' said the latter; 'now you may go.'

'And my wages?'

'Wages? you scamp! You have had fourteen francs in a little more than a week. What do you do with so much money? Do you keep a dancer?'

'A rope-dancer?' suggested Rodolphe.

'Then I am to be left,' said the unhappy domestic, 'without a covering for my head!'

'Take your livery,' said Marcel, moved in spite of himself: and he restored the cap to Baptiste.

S E A - W E E D S .

BY DONALD MACLEOD.

'Sweet day, so calm, so cool, so bright,
Bridal of earth and sky,
The dews must weep thy fall to-night,
For thou must die.

'Sweet rose, whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in the grave,
And thou must die!'

SUCH was an olden poet's hymn
In our rude English tongue,
Which oft to me, at twilight dim,
My darling sung,

When stars were coming out above,
And earth was all repose,
And warm airs cradled in their love
The sleeping rose:

Often she breathed that holy strain,
 And in mine ear it rang,
 As if the full melodious train
 Of angels sang.

But at the short-lived summer's close
 We ceased to hear the lay,
 For she had faded like the rose,
 And like the day.

I AM loitering on the beach here, till the boat shall bring my bride
 Till it round the sandy reach there, and leave her at my side;
 And sun-set reddening o'er me looks down on yonder isles:
 Such-like must be the glory of an angel when he smiles.

But sounds like echoes of dirges, the air so still and warm,
 And the strong swell of the surges, still speak of the morning-storm;
 The beaten sand is spotted with dark rain-loosened loam,
 And the sea-weeds are all clotted with gouts of lustrous foam:

And where the waters sunder, on the salt and sterile neck
 Of the yellow sand-bar yonder, lie drifts from a recent wreck;
 And there, till now unnoted — I know not what't may be —
 Hitherward swiftly floated by the shoreward-sweeping sea,
 On the strong swell falling, lifting; nearer, at every bound
 Of the massive waters, drifting — 't is the corpse of a woman drowned!

Was *she* going to her bridal, to her well-beloved's side?
 Was she any body's idol? did she bless him as she died?
 Does he listen now and tarry for her foot-steps' welcome fall?
 Did he love her as I love MARY — as his life, his soul, his all?

Ah, for his bitter mourning when he shall learn this truth!
 For the gone and unreturning first hope and love of youth!
 Why do I shrink from giving the tears I cannot check,
 To see here both a living and a dead heart suffer wreck?

See, hither now how surely and rapidly *she* swims;
 See how the robe clings purely round the icy feet and limbs;
 See — though she must have striven — how clasped hands, long and fair,
 Are pointed up to heaven, as she had died in prayer!

Look how her wealth of tresses is played with by the seas —
 God! even a man's caresses are not terrible as these!
 The dark braids are all unplaited; they have lost their silken shine,
 And the thick drenched locks are matted with weeds and bitter brine!

On that ever-moving pillow, I can see them fall and rise;
 But the rolling of the billow hides the dead face from my eyes:
 But the bosom, lovingly human, swells out the wave above,
 As if the heart of the Woman still throbbed there, full of love!

Another surging motion, and you come within my reach:
 Poor waif, by the scornful ocean cast out on the sterile beach
 I am in the surge: I seize you! I draw you to the shore!
 I look in your dead face — Jesu! was it *this* I waited for?

MEN, MANNERS, AND MOUNTAINS.

BY A. M. RICHARDSON.

PICTURES OF BADEN-BADEN.

PASSIM PARTOUT.

'AFTER all,' said Ernest, as we stood in the portico of the Maison de Conversation, 'Baden is the true Paradise of Fools. What a pity that old Erasmus did not live here! under such auspices as these, his 'Praise of Folly,' would have been immortal. Think how he would have thriven on the *bagatelle* that abounds in these ancient purlicus of unreason! Depend upon it, you will never discover another green spot on the globe where the human caravanseraï is 'shown up' half so delightfully. But hallo! apropos of oddities, here he comes, the *facile princeps*, the mag-nate of monkeys, the great uncaged; behold him slouching up this avenue! When I look upon that man, I can readily conceive how Pythagoras was inspired with his creed; that individual is a walking text of transmigration. His soul has certainly travelled the rounds of creation, though I would stake my life that this is the first time it has tenanted a human receptacle; he is not accustomed to *being a human being*, that's evident. I don't believe he can quite divest himself of an uneasy suspicion that he is an estray from the *Jardin des Plantes* or Regent's Park, where he might, without inordinate ambition, aspire to emperorsnip over the giraffe, ring-tailed and striped creation. Certain I am that the most refractory outang would embrace him in the free masonry of fraternization, and stupid would be the brute who failed to recognize in him the blended attributes of travelled monkey and dancing-bear. Saw you ever his like?'

In fact, my attainments both in zoölogy and in human nature were exercised by a *bizarre* test as I attempted to define within any known classification the object of my companion's mirth; but I found him altogether anomalous.

The semblance of a man he certainly wore. His person was sumptuously robed in a dark-green body-coat, curiously and profusely frogged, and trimmed with a volume of glistening sable, in the nice selection of which, apparently, at least a dozen skins must have been ransacked. A light velvet cloak drooped from one shoulder like a mourning-flag at half-mast. A lofty, peaked chapeau, decked with a plume, and resembling the style in which Persian Mufti appear on high holidays, towered slantingly above his head. A pair of lucent boots, which reflected the very landscape around, rose tasselled to his knees, and became recipients of his brilliant pantaloons, from the consummate adjustment of whose supernal flowing folds it might readily be argued that a no less exquisite discrimination had been exercised in the bestowal of their invisible details. From one hand, flashing with jewels, was suspended by a silken loop an ivory walking-stick, over-wrought with the microscopic chasing which

Chinese art so eminently well achieves, and surmounted with an immense Mont Blanc crystal, of singular form and lustre. A pair of the most piercing eyes I ever met, and a tremendous Huger nose, upon whose summit a pair of *lorgniettes* of almost fabulous size had perched—resembling a magnified insect newly alit and settling to take flight again—were alone visible of all the phenomena of his countenance. But an owl from the recess of its ivy home could not have peered more watchfully abroad than did the embellished orbs of this personage from their loop-holes amid the Hospodar rankness of his hirsute face.

‘And pray, who the devil is your incarnate prodigy of a friend?’ whispered I, as the ambulating apparition drew near.

‘Softly: ‘Not to know him argues yourself unknown.’ Let me present you immediately to Herr Graff, the ERLAUGHT PASSIM PARTOUT, the Polish traveller who has seen every thing, and has fought under the banners of a dozen different nations in as many zones.

A PINCH OF SNUFF.

The process of introduction followed, and the bestowal of a languid nod ensued. These preliminaries being properly completed, a snuff-box of malachite was extended on the part of the prodigy. An almost instantaneous fit of sneezing, coupled with an obeisance of adoring, though involuntary, profoundness, expressed my ineffable sense of the pungency appertinent to the malachite’s contents.

This proceeding opened conversation. The ERLAUGHT PASSIM PARTOUT found my demonstration much to his taste, because very flattering; though whether to himself or to his snuff-box, he did not stop to inquire, being one of the numerous class who esteem commendation bestowed upon any portion of their property as a compliment naturally transferable to themselves. Gravely he returned my snuff-inspired bow, and again the treacherous weed’s repository was proffered.

Again we all three extracted therefrom, particularly the Count, who closed his eyes and threw back his head to repeat his inhalation—a repetition this time intensified by an absolute unction; a confessed gusto; a brain-beguiling *abandon* of enjoyment; an excessive and absorbing spell of sensuous sighs, which seemed to float his charmed soul far, far away on the tide of streaming lungs into Araby the Blest, the land of spices and odors. Slowly broke the protracted dream at length, and suffered reviving consciousness to shift the current of his breath from its olfactory channel to his lips, where now it found vent in a peculiarly soft voice.

TRAVELS.

‘Ah! Monsieur, you appreciate, I perceive, the fine *bouquet* of my snuff; permit me to inform you that well you may. It is no ordinary breath you draw when freighted with these aromatic grains. Will you do me the honor to examine my *establishment*; [presenting the box;] the rich setting, you will remark, betokens that it is the repository of a superior article; and a very superior article certainly is enclosed. Do me the honor to decipher the legend on the lid; it reads,

‘The Incense of Heroes:’ ‘The Hospodar of Wallachia to the Erlaught Passim Partout.’

You look puzzled. It was a present from the Hospodar when I had the good-fortune to render him the service of detailing the topography of the Moldavian frontier, where the insurrection had broken out; and by timely intervention prevented six provinces from being overrun by the lawless *canaille*. This snuff is produced under glass globes six feet in height and sixteen in diameter, and is supposed to be the finest in the world. One of its most remarkable properties is that of operating powerfully upon the human voice; by means of a few months' assiduous use of it, the most stentorian voice is rendered *soprano*. As for myself, I do not venture to use it in undiluted purity; this, of which you have just partaken, is at least one third adulterated with rappee. But, as I was saying, after being grown in a very limited quantity, and with the nicest attention—for it is full as delicate as a sensitive-plant—the miniature crop of the reclaimed weed is gathered; and, after an almost infinite succession of processes—among which, number eleven pulverizations—the perfected article is deposited and preserved for seasoning in nine opaque urns, usually of sarcophagus, which are in the palace cellar. No doubt you would wish to hear more fully how the true flattering flavor is attained?

I was making a kind of affirmative noise when Ernest, to whom these snuff-histories were nothing new, and who dreaded the repetition of narratives in which, whether true or false, frequent repetition had rendered the *raconteur* perfect, suffered his impatience to break through the dumb display it had thus far maintained:

'Pardon, but I had quite forgotten to ask your opinion of Baden-Baden.'

'I asked *you* that question long ago, *mon cher*. Baden is a sponge which is charged with the essences of every thing agreeable in all Europe. I pass by my *sejour* in the valley of Jehoshaphat, but in order to explain the variance in the systems which came under my observation at the Persian Spas and at the tepid baths of Tartary—speaking of the east do you use haschish?'

'Oh!' exclaimed Ernest, hurriedly, 'you never allude to your health now; pray tell me if you find it much improved.'

'Your solicitude is considerate and kind; but my malady is, I fear, scarcely attainable by these waters. I contracted my last asthma by being precipitated in an avalanche from the Mount of Olives—bah! I mean the Jungfrau. Strange! that *lapsus*.'

'Which? the avalanche?'

'No, the *lapsus lingua*. It is because I have seen so much more than I can remember——'

'Or remember so much more than you have seen,' added Ernest, in an under-tone.

'As I was saying, it was in the month of June that, just as I had arranged my meteorological instruments upon the 'Virgin Mountain,' a beastly avalanche started from its bed, and enveloping my person in its mould, hurled me several thousand feet into the valley. Whether owing to the extreme celerity of descent, or to the pressure of snow upon my chest, I am uncertain; but I am unable to draw a clear breath ever since. Allow me to relate——'

'But,' insisted Ernest, with great rapidity of utterance, 'it is said that the baths are frequently used with great advantage in such disorders.'

'I grant you, when taken in the *north*, hot baths are as beneficial as delightful. Only two years ago, I submitted to a course of parboiling in Norway, and derived immense benefit. The *rationale* of my winter-course in Norway ——'

'What! seriously, in winter?' interrupted again my friend.

'Strictly, Sir, in winter. I never regulate my movements by those of other people. My mission to Petersburg was in January.'

'Your entire life, I imagine, must have been devoted to purposes of travelling,' I interposed, equally entertained by the Count's glimpses of narration and by the nervous suspension of Ernest.

'Life — motion — commotion — Sir, you conjecture rightly. I require constant change of air: if I remain so long as a week at one place, I am obliged to seek artificial substitutes for a diversity of scene. Sir, you are an American. A great nation are the Americans; they like novelty. My favorite scheme at present is a horse-back expedition through your extensive country.'

'I think you might be induced to abandon horse-back in favor of a more expeditious mode of travel before the completion of your tour.'

'All a mistake, Sir. Horse-back is the only mode for a gentleman to travel. As for time, d — n time! what was travel invented for but to kill time? Beside, my aversion is a trodden track. My chief occupation of afternoons is to seek out some unknown avenue, where mortal foot has rarely or never been before.'

'There go some gentlemen who perhaps can pioneer you to such a *terra incognita*,' said Ernest, pointing to three sportsmen who were driving by in a dog-cart; 'at least, I mean, if they succeed in finding game, it will be in parts unknown to me. My fowling-piece has been rusting ingloriously ever since my arrival.'

'That,' replied the Count, who was always for viewing things in the gross, 'is the result of your own inaction. Practice and perseverance, gentlemen, make the best brace of pointers. A keen huntsman with these may scare up white bears in Arabia, or antelopes in Liberia. I well remember,' continued he, throwing into his countenance an unusual supply of that dreamy abstractedness which was the sure precursor to usher into the world an anecdote of unusual imagination, 'I well remember, when in Central Africa, after shooting lions for three months, I began to long for the sight of a pheasant. Says the Sheik, 'Impossible;' says I, 'If your Highness will wager two Abyssinian eunuchs' ——'

Again Ernest dashed impetuously into the web of the Count's fresh historiette: '*Apropos* — who do you think has arrived to-day?'

'Who? Lablache, or the Grand-Duke, or ——?' guessed the Count.

'Neither; you are wrong and stupid. But I'm afraid you'll think it too good to be true. It is no less than GOUTFIN, the Howard of *cuisines*, the sun of the table, the immortal cook! I had almost forgotten to tell you; he came three hours ago with a suite of turn-spits, and enters upon his artistic duties at Mellerio's this very day. All Baden, as you may suppose, is in a *stew*.'

'Enough,' sung the Count; 'this is an advent. I shall go this instant.'

Gentlemen, I have received a box of partridges from the Chateau of Mark Brunnen. Until to-day I have been unwilling to intrust them to the harsh cookery of the restaurant; but now, but now indeed I can safely invite you both to partake of a dish fit for the gods. Will you join me at six? Yes? Then I must be off at once to engage the celestial offices of Goutfin. *Au revoir.*'

'You see,' said Ernest, as the traveller skipped away, 'that the 'picked man of countries' is not necessarily perfect. PARTOUT is a remarkable instance of a political Ishmaelite. Partly for pleasure, and partly on diplomatic errands, he has roamed from 'Indus to the Pole,' until at last his principles have become as heterogeneous as his habits, and the simplest ideas of truth are, in his mind, as varying as the points of a compass. I am not sure but that he believes his own stories, for there is something natural in his very exaggeration.'

AN ACOLYTE

PUNCTUAL and not slow were we at six o'clock to meet the ERLAUGHT PASSIM PARTOUT in the assembly-rooms of Mellerio and Buffa. The *petit dîner* was really of the most recherché order. Our Amphytrion was not unworthy of the profession of Lucullus; and M. GOUTFIN abundantly proved that the mantle of BEAUVILLIERS (whose ascension from the cuisine to heaven took place in 1820) had fallen upon shoulders not incompetent to wear the gastric glories of his predecessor.

The company at our table numbered one more than that of the Graces, the *minimum* of Grecian conviviality. It was a *partie carré*; and the fourth guest was brought by PARTOUT—for no earthly purpose that I could divine, unless to earn his right to the seat he occupied by playing henchman to the Count in the latter's more audacious careerings upon the marvellous. A man who can lie like an epitaph is seldom improved at dinner, even though he may drink as deep as the well of Truth itself. Certes, if *veritas* be dissolved *in vino*, our Erlaught entertainer contrived to swallow the mingled composition with an excellent grace, and to conceal all signs of the secret working of either ingredient. It was to season and sustain these ebullitions that the services of our new acquaintance were called into requisition.

From the perfect familiarity with which he fell into his *rôle*, I rightly conjectured that to play *bottle-holder* in these encounters of imagination was, for him, no novel employment. The *acolyte's* fat face would have presented a Chinese puzzle for a physiognomist, it being without lines, character, or expression; in all respects as blank as a barn-door of any indications whatsoever, except a crop of pallid pit-marks, which at once made it palpable that he was one of those unfortunates for whom 'Jenner had lived in vain.'

There he sat, with his square face, and twinkling eyes, and napkin'd chin. There he sat, with the immobile pertinacity of the sedentary Theseus, of whom it is written, *Sedet, semper que sedebit*. There he sat, examining every thing with attention, but never uttering a word; while his features remained as unalterable as those of a blind man. Only, when compelled by the repletion of his plate to refuse a proffered dish, he would heave what the French call a sigh *à la Walter Scott*: that is

to say, very like a groan. Or when he heard a sally, or a facetious *trait*, his visage would spread apace; his eyes would close; and opening a mouth about the size of the pavilion of a French horn, he would cause to issue therefrom a prolonged sound which the horses outside would catch up and *reécho*. But when PARTOUT advised himself to enter upon a narration of unusually immense magnitude—an enterprise which was invariably announced by some species of moral legerdemain that the bottle-holder never failed to apprehend—the latter would show himself capable of a yet more emphatic demonstration. He ceased masticating altogether, and poised the handles of knife and fork upon the table in his clenched fists. Then, raising full opposite the speaker the square face, which all at once from some secret source began to beam with suggestiveness, he fell into the attitude of the idiotic figure on the extreme right of Thom's celebrated group of Tam o' Shanter. Did the story flag, he was there to relieve it with a cheerful chirp. Did it too wantonly transcend belief, there he was, all primed with some presumptive evidence, which he failed not to urge with all the corroborating force of a Druidical voice that seemed to say, 'Doubt me if you dare.' After which he would come to order again, and relapse into his habitual taciturnity.

THE RESTAURANT.

THE salon of a restaurateur is the Eden of gourmands. It likewise contains much that is worthy of observation. The only two things certain in life, appetite and *ennui*, make it an unfailing lounging-place for men of leisure; and, examined a little in detail, it offers to the eye of the philosopher a *tableau*, made worthy of interest by the variety of situations which it assembles.

But it is not my intention to be betrayed into making a *catalogue raisonné* of the frequenters who may have come under my notice; although Ceres and Bacchus have numbered among their votaries many handsome women who embellished the repasts of which they partook; and some of the other sex who caused their listeners to forget the mortal weakness that drew them hither in a flow of conversation which eloquently evidenced that Ariel's light presence is not necessarily dispelled by the rattle of unmusical steel.

But just as one of Lanner's liveliest airs had struck up from the adjacent pavilion, came the hour when the brotherhood of gamblers enjoy a brief respite from pale confinement. As they flocked in the muniment-room to recruit their exhausted forces for another campaign, it was painful to perceive how completely the unrewarded partisans of fortune seemed to have parted with nature's best gifts—their spirits as well as their purses. You might make shrewd conjectures as to the various successes of the new-comers by noting the character of the dishes they advocated. *Pigeons*, *sweet-breads*, *forced-meats*, and *devilled kidneys*, were in immense favor with the most melancholy-stricken; nor was there any lack of deep potatoes of the fiercest fluids that flow from the pleasant land of 'Cognac, Charlemagne, and Champagne,' whose light-hearted distillers assuredly never dreamed that the blood of their darling grape was being shed to make 'sops for Cerberus.' On the other hand, *dindes aux truffes*, and garnishing accessories, seasoned with a nectarean infu-

sion of such Burgundy as one drinks between Dijon and Châlons, composed the more refreshing portion of an epicurean minority.

'Gassoon!' shouted a huge man with Hibernian features, who had been silently and grimly contemplating the bill of fare, to a waiter who wore suspended from his neck a placard, on which the announcement 'ENGLISH SPOKEN' was inscribed in staring capitals.

'Yaw! Milord!'

'Bring me a Tartarean tart, hot as h—ll, quick as lightning!'

'Yaw! milord!'

'A glass of absinthe, and a bottle of Pisporter in ice.'

'Yaw-Milord!'

'Yaw the devil! and ye call this 'English spoken,' do ye? Niver ye *yaw* a gintleman agin, ye spalpeen, or I'll chaw ye.'

'Yaw, milord!' exclaimed the polyglot menial, darting down into the lower realms, out of reach of the excitable Irishman. Whether he succeeded in concocting the species of tart in request, I know not; but judging from the gratification inspired by his return, it was fair to presume that an excellent substitute, at least, was procured.

'*Was befehlen mein Herren?*' stutters forth the little female *garçon*.

'Remove my egg instantly, and bring another!—faugh! it is offensive!' shouts a German with a broad chest and forehead.

'But, Sir,' she remonstrates, after a nasal experiment upon the repudiated esculent, 'the egg is sound and fresh; try it, Sir.'

'Try! do you wish to try my temper? Is it not enough that the egg is in bad odor with *me*? An egg, to be palatable, should be like CÆSAR'S WIFE!' thundered the exasperated German, rising; 'like the wife of Cæsar, I tell you—not to be tried: not to be *proven* pure; but above suspicion; above reproach!'

At this *sortie*, which she takes almost for an insult, the little female *garçon* replies with a *ja wohl*, pronounced *à la Saxonne*, containing at least a dozen o-o-o-o, which may be translated, 'A pretty piece of impertinence, truly, in an establishment like ours!'

At length the beneficent influence of the scene began to be felt by the most ravenous and wrathful of the guests. Countenances lost much of their contraction as persons expanded. Six speculators near me, upon whom Fortune had turned the cold shoulder, now thoroughly warmed themselves by dint of environing and draining a foaming punch-bowl of true Bavarian dimensions, and were soon in fair train to make light of the heaviest blows that Chance could inflict. A single salad, just touched with the magic of Goutfin, restored to the bosom of society a Frenchman who had quite lost heart from long lunching on ill-luck. Three bottles of white-wine, limpid as water springing from a rock, and sparkling enough to create thirst in a mad-dog, effected miracles in a third group. Nor should I omit an honorable mention of a capon fricasée, so richly dowered with truffles that it might have sufficed to rejuvenate the old Tithonus: its efficacy elicited a perfect cascade of compliments from an old Spanish Don, who hitherto had looked as if laboring under the combined effect of blue-pills and blue-devils. Many were arrived at that blessed state of self-felicitation when the great vacuum of the head would be inflated with the glorifying gas which ariseth from the fumes of wine.

In fine, it appeared that MONSIEUR GOUTFIN had flitted through the Assembly-rooms like a scavenger, appointed to sweep away the shades of sadness.

The *quart d'heure de Rabelais* was arrived. All this time our asthmatic but long-winded *voyageur* had not for a moment flagged in his narrations, to the immeasurable amusement of his nearest neighbor, a pig-headed German, who, as he now sat, gorged no less with his Saxon repast than with the discursive intelligence which he drank in from the lips of PARTOUT, reminded me of the 'fat, foolish scullion' in Tristram Shandy. Evidently he had not read Munchausen; else it is difficult to conceive why his pig-lead eyes should thus protrude until they threatened to drop out of their spheres into his gaping mouth, which remained so invitingly ajar while a tall bell-glass of Bohemian stood unemptied before him. A pale youth, whose flowing skeins of black silken hair and Salvator hat announced his profession, even if the never-abdicated portfolio at his side were not a sufficient confession of the artist, leaned over for a single moment unperceived, and dashed off a crayon-sketch of the arch-glutton, which he now held up to the public gaze.

A suppressed tittering, soon ripening into a gale of laughter, ensued; in which all joined, with the exception of the caricatured individual, who stared at the sketch without a sign of recognition, and of the Count, who was at this moment drawing the long-bow in a wolf-hunt on the Pyrenees—his mind being in a state of tension not readily to be relaxed by any ordinary incident of human life.

'Who goes to the *bal paré*?' asked Ernest, as the Erlaught romancer paused to take breath.

'I have little taste for balls,' responded the Count, speaking for the company; 'they are despairingly monotonous, unless indeed masquerade-balls, which are still 'something new under the sun.' I once enjoyed these things, but, *hélas! tout cela est passé*. Monotony is the recompense I have received from too much experience.'

'*Il faut vivre*,' chirped the bottle-holder, who at length had pushed his plate aside in order to devote himself the more exclusively to a freshly-opened bottle.'

'*Vous avez raison, mon ami*. Let me see then; the last ball at which I can retain consciousness of having sincerely enjoyed myself, took place in North India. Ah! *non cuivis contigit adire Corinthum*,' continued he, with a complacent grunt. 'The scene even now floats before me. I am extended upon a rug of golden fabric; inhaling gently from a hookah the fumes of tobacco impregnated with attar of roses. Ah! *le bon vieux temps!* The choicest dancing-girls of the East are performing before me; their tapering feet dizzily flitting above a tessellated floor of pearl and ivory slabs——'

'Apropos of ivory slabs,' broke in my *bon camarade*, who had been watching like a hawk for an opportunity of strangling a subject which he foresaw would die hard: 'shall we not have a game of dominoes for the ball-tickets while you finish your story?'

Every café on the continent is supplied with dominoes, so that the game was soon started. The Count lost, as he deserved to do; for his mind, like that of the dying gladiator, was far away, immersed in other

scenes. His friend was almost equally heedless, being now intent upon the music.

'How beautiful is that strain!' muttered he, a sort of inquiring enthusiasm overspreading the blankness of his face. 'Lindpaintner, is it not?'

'Certainly: glorious!' quoth the Count, who detested all music except his own voice, and who found difficulty in making himself audible. 'Ludwig, tell them not to play so d——d loud,' he continued to the musician, who was passing round with his plate, into which it is usual to throw a few kreutzers for the dinner-melody.

'*Mon Dieu!*' exclaimed the bottle-holder, whose services, since the conclusion of dinner, might be esteemed supererogatory. 'Mon Dieu! I have a wife somewhere about: positively I must go and see whether she has dined.'

'And I,' said the Count, 'am *engagé* for a promenade with Mrs. FLEDGEFEMME. *Au revoir*, at ten o'clock, and the ball.'

R A R A A V I S I N T E R R I S .

'*Ah, voici mon drôle!*' laughed Ernest, as we stepped into the grand promenade.

He motioned toward a long, sinewy figure, attired in an emerald-colored coat and maroon pantaloons, a combination which, highly illumined as it was by the rays of the declining sun, bore no slight resemblance to a tall green Assmanshausen bottle, half full of its ruby liquid. A heavy gold rope, swung across his stomach, and belayed in the recess of a side-pocket, at once begrimed and embellished the purity of a prolonged white waist-coat. His glistening, jetty hair was twisted into careless tendrils, which danced around the expansive projection of a most relentless shirt-collar, like waves dashing about the flying-jib of a yacht. The face thus garnished was one of those which 'show up' handsome by fits and starts, according to the sentiment of the moment, which wrought its corresponding expression. But at this moment, as he half reclined against the balustrade, there was in his features a certain admixture of *bonhomie* and insolence; there was the roving glance, the wild eye and steady mouth, and the form of steel-lath, which, under an unmitigated new hat tossed to the back of his head, revealed, despite a slight coating of Parisianization, the living presence of a Mississippi Nimrod. Can the leopard change his spots? My compatriot stood before me, with all his bar-room *abandon* upon him, engrossed from time to time in the practice which so deeply offended the philosopher of Geneva, and which embroiled him with his friend Grimm; he was *making his nails*, said Rousseau, with an instrument made expressly for that purpose.

Through the ridiculizing spectacles which were the medium of Ernest's view, the aboriginal appeared less as a phenomenon than as a joke upon two eggs—an incarnate farcicality. Europeans seize upon the character of the YANKEE, and comprehend it, probably, with as little difficulty as the characters of their own provincials; but it is the Kentuckian, the Mississippian, and all the others of that *ilk*, who compose the grand mystery of Americanism; who remain the *great misunderstandables* in their eyes. How the deuce men can come six feet high, and up to every thing,

from half-civilized lands like ours to handsome, wonderful, and refined lands such as theirs — all the while practising the *nil admirari* with unblushing ease and confidence — this is a speculation of arousing interest in their eyes. They have no confidence, they declare, in men who have so much confidence in themselves. And yet the inexplicable transatlantics somehow contrive to elbow their way through custom-house and city, ruin and restaurant, with a sagacity which gradually wrings out an acknowledgment that the new-comers are too clever to be absolutely Vandal, although they do mark their track through ancient empires with barbaric gold, and rudeness, and innovation.

To these same new-comers, indeed, the antiquities alone of Europe are the grand *novelties*; while the *novelties* of Europe, on the other hand, are fast becoming *their antiquities*. . . . Blessed reader, oracular as this sentence may appear, forget it not, but ponder thereon.

‘T H A T N O B L E T H I N G , A M A N .’

O MEN of bloated purses,
Cease scorn, if cease you can;
So shall you scape the curses
Of that noble thing — a MAN!

For all exists; air, light, and shade;
You are not God's whole plan;
HEAVEN made not rich nor poor: it made
That noble thing — a MAN!

Oh, cease to swell, to 'put on airs,'
To scoff at Misery wan;
Yon trembling wretch, so full of cares,
Is a noble thing — a MAN!

Despise no brother God hath made:
His reasons canst *thou* scan?
Who works with head, or loom, or spade,
Is that noble thing — a MAN!

O pampered Wealth! read this — well con it:
Degrade no soul! Wealth can!
Stick no vile, silly liveries on it —
That noble thing — a MAN!

O King! — O Slave! — ye bond and free,
Thou Man of Law, thou Artisan,
Thank God for your high destiny —
Each noble thing, each MAN!

Ye poor, ye halt, ye lame, ye blind,
This life is but a span:
Take courage! for ye soon shall find
God's destiny for MAN.

M E M O R I E S .

BY A MISSIONARY.

I suppose many of my readers — supposing I shall have many — have floated on some of our rivers at night, and thought nothing of it. So have I. In the long, well-furnished, brilliant saloon of a modern steam-boat, the clusters of solar lamps swinging from the light, gay ceiling, shedding the glare of day over the moving, careless, comfortable, though it may be crowded throng — this night-travelling is not so bad, after all. It is as if the dining-room of the Planter's House, of St. Louis, or the Astor, of New-York, were set afloat with all their accommodations and luxuries. The tasteful dresses and elegant manners of the ladies; the polite attentions of the gentlemen; the varied amusements, songs, music, &c., and lively conversation of the evening, with the fact and the *feeling* that we have a snug crib boxed off, to which we can retire at will, and think or sleep as we feel inclined, make modern night-travelling a pleasure, a real recreation. The thumping of the engine and *jolting* of the wheels are mere circumstances.

Our first night on the Ohio was not in all respects like this. Our cabin, six by ten, was illuminated by a little fire in the corner and a tallow-candle. We had the crowd — and *such* a crowd — and there were not wanting songs and mirth; though I cannot say our party indulged in or enjoyed either very much. Let my lady-reader try to imagine the situation of the three ladies of our company. Among the motley crowd of sailors, boat-men, raft-men, &c., who blocked up the narrow avenue from the 'cabin' to the door-way, as well as the cabin itself, there was one woman, the wife, perhaps, of one of the men, a fellow-adventurer, with manners suited to the occasion. It was a new scene and a fearful one to my wife, who hugged the babe closely, and, not without trembling, sat herself down by her newly-found friends, Mrs. H —, Miss W —, and the children, on the field-bed which we had spread for them in the corner. How much they slept can be guessed as easily as told. While their protectors were, or felt compelled to be, on deck, on the watch for rocks and dangers unknown but real in the low stage of water, and could only now and then run in a moment to see how they were; strangers by the dozen, swearing, swaggering, drinking, full of low, vulgar slang, in which the women freely participated, crowded round the little fire, and jammed full the narrow space, seeming liable to reel or fall upon the bed itself. The captain had descended the river *once*: to us it was a dark unknown. As for the other passengers, we had no thought of confiding in them for safety, even if they knew any more of the river than we did. My friend H — and myself were of choice, therefore, on duty the whole night, and the next, and the intermediate day, as if we had engaged as hands rather than passengers. Nor did it tend to calm the fears of the ladies, when, deep in the night, our little box of a boat, in mid-channel, thumped

now and then upon the rocks. The wind also was an *element* of alarm; for it required no furious gale to toss our bark dangerously; and much of the first three nights, and even a portion of the days, was spent at the shore, or in fruitless attempts to proceed; while the cold was increasing, and the ice beginning to make. On the morning of the fourth, when we had been some sixty hours on the river, and had progressed perhaps half as many miles, we found ourselves under necessity to land on account of the 'sposh ice' thickening round us; in doing which, we had to break through a wide sheet of solid but thin ice, in order to obtain what we supposed a safe harbor. Some men on a raft, who had previously got to the shore, assisted us in effecting this manœuvre, or I know not what might have been the consequence.

'Some men on a raft,' I said. Little did I think that one of those men was to furnish an important thread in the web of my future life. Little did I suppose, when I turned away carelessly, without thinking or caring to form an acquaintance, that he and I would within a year be dwelling in the same little village, and drawn together by the ties of a common faith and effort to enjoy, by conducting, the exercises of social worship; that the friendship and Christian sympathy thus awakened and kept alive by frequent and pleasant intercourse in my little log-cabin, and cemented by the calm, intelligent devotion of my truly Christian wife, was to ripen into a still closer union when that beloved wife should have been laid low, and the home thus desolated filled for a brief season by his own lovely daughter. Little, then, did I think that the same blow which should strike down his 'first-born' would take from me 'the desire of my eyes,' sweeping like a second simoom over my hearth-stone, and thus create a sad sweet bond of sympathy between us, to outlast life itself.

All this was at that time in the unknown future — now it is in the distant past. 'He was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost, and of faith;' and has followed to mansions on high that Christian friend with whom he loved to talk of heavenly things, when they used to meet in that log-cabin in the long winter-evenings, and the daughter who succeeded her in my home-circle. Their reünion *there* who shall describe?

Mr. S — was an industrious and enterprising citizen of one of the thriving villages of western New-York; originally, however, of Massachusetts. Somewhat addicted to roving, and although pleasantly situated, and under a ministry much beloved and much blessed, he felt impelled to explore the new wild territory of Illinois. On his way, he purchased at Olean a quantity of lumber, which he made into a raft to be disposed of for the purpose of paying expenses. And he had with a few persons, either interested or hired, proceeded thus far when our boat fell in with him. We became acquainted in St. Louis, and then sojourned for a season in the same village in Illinois. He went back, and returned with his family of love and loveliness to my house, feeling, for a time, the sad vacancy which had so soon been made at my fire-side.

But the ice, and the voyage? Well, we did not stay there all winter; for we were told that if caught *there* in a break-up, our egg-shell of a boat would be crushed. After a day or two's detention we pushed out, the ice yielding before us, and proceeded with *accelerated rapidity* — im-

agine our speed, ye travellers by steam!—on ‘our winding way.’ As the month of December passed, so did we, and gradually floated into deeper water and milder weather. And gradually, too, our passengers dropped off—not into the river—so that there was more elbow-room for our woman-kind. By the time we passed Marietta, I think all were gone but our own company; for we cheerfully volunteered to man the oars ourselves—that is, the two men of us—rather than have the company of such as had assisted in that work. After the clearing out, we had quiet, cosy times. In order to make it more cheerful for the ladies, we cut a hole some eight by ten inches in the side of the boat, and pasted oiled paper over it, and what a change it made! From prison-like darkness they emerged into a *well-lighted* apartment, and sat and sewed or read there day by day.

We had no very terrible adventures, though the ladies were sometimes alarmed; and once or twice our captain evinced a good deal of uneasiness, and he was by no means a timid man. In the reach below Marietta, we found ourselves in the middle of a broad river, tossed fearfully upon the waves by a wind which, if not furious, was too strong for our cockle-shell, and we pulled hard for the shore, which we reached in safety.

At the Falls of the Ohio our mettle was pretty well tried. Captain K—— called at Jeffersonville for a pilot, who urged and rather insisted on his employing a steers-man also, on the ground that it required the utmost coolness and vigor at all the oars, and especially the steering-oar, to carry us safely through. But the skipper thought himself man enough for the helm, and Mr. H—— and myself undertook the oars; for we had by this time become fully convinced that *he* could do any thing he would undertake.

But the women and the children—what was to be done with them? They—that is, *such* as they—usually walked or rode, the pilot said, to New-Albany; but we were too poor to hire a conveyance, and beside the fatigue of a three-mile walk, with at least two children to carry, it rained. We consulted with them, and when informed that there was danger, our wives concluded to share it with their husbands. As for Miss W——, she was a heroine.

Well, it *was* a fearful passage. The river was low, and we were told that at one place in the boiling, surging rapid, there was a space of not more than two feet more than the width of our boat, which had been cut in the rocks, and little to spare in depth. *Here* the rocks stood in our very path-way, apparently; *there* the wild current shot with arrow speed at a sudden angle; *yonder* the mad waves dashed on a huge rock, curling round it in a whirl-pool, and shooting up a jet far above our heads: it dashed the spray upon us as we flew past. Our little cockle-shell rolled and tossed like a chip on the boiling waves, as if it *would* be overset; and the water dashed into the cabin at a distressing rate, through door and window and every crevice. It was frightful to the timid women shut up there, not able to see the turmoil which they heard and felt. But they uttered no cry, asked no question. Confiding in the love and care of those who were at the oars, they stilled the little ones and trusted in God. We passed safely.

BATTLE OF EYLAU.*

BY ISAAC MACLELLAN.

I.

Fast and furious falls the snow;
 Shrilly the bleak tempests blow,
 With a sound of wailing woe,
 O'er the soil;
 Where the watch-fires blaze around,
 Thick the warriors strew the ground,
 Each in weary slumber bound,
 Worn with toil.

II.

Hearken to the cannon-blast!
 Drums are beating fierce and fast:
 Fierce and fast the trumpets cast
 Warning call.
 Form the battle's stern parade;
 Charge the musket, draw the blade;
 Square and column stand arrayed,
 One and all.

III.

On they rush in stern career,
 Dragoon and swart cuirassier;
 Hussar-lance and Cossack-spear
 Clanging meet!
 Now the grenadier of France
 Sinks beneath the Imperial lance;
 Now the Prussian horse advance,
 Now retreat.

IV.

DAVOUST, with his line of steel,
 Storms their squadrons till they reel,
 While his ceaseless cannon-peal
 Rends the sky.
 'Gainst that crush of iron hail
 Naught may Russia's ranks avail;
 Like the torn leaves in the gale,
 See, they fly!

V.

Through the battle's smoky gloom
 Shineth MURAT's snowy plume:

* FOUGHT in Prussian Poland, between the allied Prussian and Russian armies, against the French under NAPOLEON, February, 1807. 'Never was a spectacle so dreadful as the field of battle presented on the following morning. Above fifty thousand men lay, in the space of two leagues, weltering in blood. The wounds were, for the most part, of the severest kind, from the extraordinary quantity of cannon-balls which had been discharged during the action, and the close proximity of the contending masses to the deadly batteries, which spread grape at half-musket-shot through the ranks.'

ALISON'S EUROPE.

Fast his cohorts to their doom
 Spur the way.
PLATOFF, with his desert horde,
Is upon them with the sword;
Deep his Tartar-spears have gored
 Their array.

VI.

With his thousands, AUGEREAU
Paints with blood the virgin snow:
Low in war's red overthrow
 Sleep they on!
Helm and breast-plate they have lost,
Spoils that long shall be the boast
Of the savage bearded host
 Of the Don

VII.

Charge, NAPOLEON! Where be those
At Marengo quelled thy foes;
Crowning thee at Jena's close
 Conqueror?
At this hour of deadly need
Vainly thy old guardsmen bleed;
Vain dies cuirassier and steed,
 Drenched with gore.

VIII.

Reeling from the bloody fight,
At the bleak approach of night,
Gallic host and Russian might
 Cease the strife:
Bleeding, broken, each recoil
Fainting from the deadly toil,
Crimsoning the ensanguined soil
 With their life.

IX.

Sad the frosty moon-beam shone
O'er the snows with corpses strown,
Where the frightful shriek and groan
 Rose amain:
Loud the night-wind rang their knell;
Fast the flaky horrors fell,
Hiding in their snowy cell
 Heaps of slain!

X.

Many a year hath passed and fled
O'er that harvest of the dead:
On thy rock the Chief hath sped,
 St. Helene!
Still the Polish peasant shows
The round hillocks of the foes,
Where the long grass rankly grows,
 Darkly green.

SKETCHES OF TRAVEL AND CHARACTER.

Cape-Town, Cape of Good Hope, October 25th, 18—.

SOME excitement prevails here to-day, owing to the arrival of dispatches from the seat of war, containing the intelligence that the English have been again defeated, or, at best, have gained but a doubtful victory. Many stories are in circulation among the knowing ones, as to the causes which produced this war, of which the most probable seems to be this:—yet

‘I CANNOT say how the truth may be:
I tell the tale as ’t was told to me.’

The favorite wife of Chief Micomo is Katasinda, famous throughout all Caffraria for her thick lips, flat foot, and knotty hair. This lovely creature is said to be as witty and accomplished as she is beautiful, and to sit an ostrich with more ease and grace than any woman of her tribe. She is said, moreover, to possess one of these animals, so renowned for its size and swiftness, that wherever the name of Katasinda is repeated, that of her riding-bird, Avea the fleet-footed, is also heard; so that the one is never mentioned without the other. Now, as ill-luck, or the Devil, would have it, Lady Blank, the wife of the Governor, who is very much addicted to wearing ostrich-plumes in her bonnet, accompanied her husband, a short time since, on a tour of inspection to the frontier. While at Phillipolis, she espied the fair Katasinda riding by with her attendants.

‘Gracious heavens!’ shrieked her ladyship, ‘what a bird! I shall die if I do not get a couple of feathers from its tail for my new ‘kiss-me-quick’ and ‘wide-awake!’

‘Pshaw! nonsense!’ cried the Governor, in a pet; ‘the thing is impossible!’

But her little ladyship held out so stoutly, with so many tears, coaxings, and entreaties, that poor Sir Harry was at length forced to yield.

The next morning, a commissioner arrived in the camp of Micomo, with a formal demand from His Excellency, not for a feather or two, but the *whole bird*! The chieftain’s bosom heaved, and his eye flashed fire as it glanced upon the myriads of dusky warriors who were squatted in the *bush* at his feet.

‘Two moons have scarce rolled by,’ said he, ‘since this proud Governor stole from us all our *eggs*; and now will nothing please him save ‘Avea, the fleet-footed,’ the darling of our tribe? Behold, O Kaffirs! of all the vast possessions bequeathed to you by your glorious fore-fathers, you will soon have but the sands of your desert left!’

He paused for a reply. There was a death-like silence for the space of a moment, broken alone by the sobs of Katasinda, who stood at her husband’s side, with her hands clasped tightly around Avea’s glossy neck; then a thousand daggers gleamed in the sun-light, while a thousand voices took up the cry: ‘*Meshall, ishall cutsticke tomorrerzer!*’ which is, being interpreted, ‘We will go forth with thee to conquer or to die!’ The chieftain stood an instant with eyes and hands uplifted, as if

implored the vengeance of HEAVEN upon the persecutors of his people. Then plucking a feather from the tail of Avea, he dipped it in his own blood, and turning to the affrighted Englishman, who had remained an unwilling witness of this fearful scene :

‘Go,’ said he, ‘and tell the Governor of Southern Africa that thou hast seen the snowy plume of Avea red with the blood of the chieftain Micomo ; and that as this feather, so shall his camp be dyed ere another sun goes down !’

‘Never mind, Sir Harry,’ cried his better half, when the reply of Micomo was communicated to her : ‘I’ll write to the Duke, and he’ll set the Twelfth Lancers at them !’ and then she added, in an under-tone : ‘I do hope that fascinating fellow, Montesquieu, will accompany them ! What a charming time he and I would have together while old Sir Harry was off to the wars !’

Island of Johanna, November 30th, 18—.

THIS morning, I accompanied the Commodore, as one of his suite, on a visit of ceremony to His Most Mohammedan Majesty, Abo Ben Aben Ben Hassan, most illustrious king of this most illustrious island, author of all good, and terror of evil-doers ! On our arrival at the threshold of the magnificent palace which His Highness deigns to inhabit, we were met by a *nobleman* of the court, who politely led the way to the ‘Hall of Reception,’ where the King, with his ministers, waited to receive us. The ‘hall’ is of an oblong shape, with massive stone-walls and painted ceiling, in the centre of which is an aperture about twelve feet square, covered with an awning made of matting, and raised on poles, in the form of a tent. Furniture it has none, save some eight or ten rickety chairs, a sofa covered with cotton cloth, which, according to a very ancient tradition of this country, was once actually white, but from much usage and little washing has now assumed a decidedly *jaundiced expression* ; two *Yankee clocks* and six old-fashioned, gilt-framed looking-glasses, (such as we see in country-kitchens at home,) over which are suspended, at a height of some twelve feet from the floor, an equal number of *unlightable* glass-lamps. His Majesty rose as we entered this apartment, and shook, first his turban, (for which I, being near him, did not bid ‘God bless him,’) and next the dexter hand of each one of us ; and then seated the Commodore beside him on the sofa, his ministers and we officers taking our seats indiscriminately on his right and left ; the interpreter being directly in front of him, and two slaves, very lightly attired, or, as a friend of mine would say, ‘stripped to a gantline,’ and armed with lances, mounting guard at the door. He was clad in garments which, like the covering of the sofa, had been originally white, and wore a scimitar of costly hilt and pure Damascus blade. He looked to his subjects, I have no doubt, ‘every inch a king ;’ but to me, *probre Americano* that I am ! he presented the not uncommon spectacle of an elderly gentleman, decidedly the worse for wear ; much as a ‘sovereign’ may be supposed to look who has passed a night in a chimney, and been ‘polished off’ in the morning by a New-York sweep. He was in some-what of a pet, too, which by no means improved his physiognomy, and complained bitterly of the ‘Dale’s’ having knocked his fort about his ears a

short time since; saying, among othersage things, that Captain P—— had demanded from him a larger amount of money than was to be found in the whole island, and had afterward fired upon his people because it was not forthcoming; then, pointing to one of the lamps overhead, he said, through the medium of his interpreter:

‘Were I to tell one very small boy to reach me that lamp, and punish him because he did not, all *good* men would say: ‘The King of Johanna is very unjust;’ and yet my conduct toward him would not be worse than that of the commander of the ‘Dale’ toward me and my children.’

From this his most royal opinion, however, I, having a full knowledge of the facts of the case, beg leave to dissent. He remarked beside:

‘All United States’ man have heard what Johanna man do to American seaman, who have heard what they been done to us?’ And then he went on to detail a long series of outrages committed by Yankee whalers, in which, I am sorry to say, there seemed to be a trifle *less* poetry than truth. Cocoa-nut milk was now served to us by a slave, after which the Commodore rose to take leave, inviting the King, as he did so, to visit our vessel. His Majesty’s reply was very frank:

‘Before seeing you, Commodore, my heart was *small* for the Americans, but your friendly words have made it *large* again. I will take pleasure in coming to see you.’

He is at this moment aboard, with a host of followers; and it is quite amusing to see the very same personages who this morning, ‘all tattered and torn,’ were trading with the men, and haggling about a six-pence, now strutting about the decks in all their holiday finery, and assuming the dignified manner and lofty bearing of a Gomele or an Abencerrage. In a few minutes they will leave, and we be off for Zanziba: so *vale* Johanna!

Eight P. M. As a sample of a ship’s log, I subjoin the following:

‘From four to six A. M., weather b. c.; wind o. At four thirty, the King of Johanna visited the ship, and was saluted with seven guns. Received on board three bullocks for the crew. At five thirty, got under way, and stood to sea.’

Island of Zanzibar, December 6, 18—.

TO-DAY the Commodore and some half-dozen of us dined with the Governor of this island, Prince Seid Khaled, eldest son of the Imaum of Muscat. The Prince has a fine face, and the sweetest imaginable smile, but he looks very, very sad; as well he may, poor fellow, for he has been a martyr many years to the elephantiasis, a disease very prevalent in this climate. No doubt he feels that the dignity with which he is invested is, at best, but a poor compensation for the loss of health and strength. Meeting us at the gate of the palace court-yard, he preceded us to the ‘banquet-hall,’ where dinner was already served, we being expected, like ‘dogs of Christians,’ as we were, to ‘fall to’ the instant we arrived. The only thing that struck me as at all remarkable about this feast was, the fact that the head and foot of the festive-board were graced with two immense kids stuffed with prunes, a not unsavory mess; and that the guests were expected to drink rose-water, a most villanous compound, fit neither for man nor beast. The Prince did not eat with us, but sat a little apart,

evidently highly pleased with the masterly performance of the middies, while one of his ministers attended at table to see that we were properly served by the slaves, who, when the repast was finished, invited us, after the manner of his country-men, to send our servants for the viands which were left. The Prince and the Commodore then held a long palaver concerning the salvo with which our flag is to be greeted on the morrow, upon its being again hoisted over the Consul's house; it having been struck some ten months or a year ago, in consequence of an indignity offered to the Consul. The Commodore insisted that the Prince should fire first; the Prince as resolutely declined the honor, but expressed a willingness to permit one of his vessels to salute simultaneously with ours. And so they went at it—hip and thigh, hammer and tongs—‘as tight as they could spring,’ for the space of an hour; at the expiration of which, the American proving ‘too many guns’ for the Arab, the latter gracefully yielded his point by saying: ‘Your talk is sweet!’ This being a figurative expression, signifying, ‘The guns shall be fired, every one of them, and in the order you have prescribed, Commodore.’ Our chief having thus played the trump-card, acted upon the old adage, ‘Let well enough alone,’ and withdrew; and we, of course, followed suit. Upon taking leave of the Prince's secretary, I noticed that he kept his eyes intently fixed upon a string of yellow beads, one *bight* of which he held in his right hand, the other being fast to his girdle. Asking him the reason of this, he informed me that his vision was bad, every thing he looked upon wearing a tinge of yellow; and that the *hakem* had told him he would be cured by gazing constantly at something of a similar color. Whether there is or is not any virtue in this prescription of the Arabian doctor, it is for the *faculty* to decide. I am rather inclined to the belief, however, judging from the Secretary's rickety appearance, that the recipe of the physician Douban, with or without ‘the drugs in the racket-handle,’ would have a much more salutary effect. When we arrived opposite the harem which adjoins the palace, I observed several of its olive-colored inmates looking ‘down from their lattice on me’ and the midis; whereupon the latter, thinking it, doubtless, no more than an act of Christian politeness to throw them a kiss from the tips of their fingers, did so; and somewhat to my surprise, I confess—though I am not apt to be surprised at any thing a woman does—their salutation was affectionately responded to. ‘Mr. Officer! Mr. Officer!’ cried a voice in my ear. Turning, I beheld Mahomet; his face was radiant with smiles, and he looked like the bearer of ‘glad tidings.’ ‘Come,’ said he, laying his hand familiarly on my shoulder; ‘come, see!’ Mechanically I obeyed; and a sharp ten minutes' walk carried me to a rusty-looking shop, where were some musty books, and a mustier old man. ‘You say, yesterday, you want Koran: here one all same,’ cried Mahomet exultingly. I examined the volume which he handed to me, and, observing some stains upon it, asked how they came there. His explanation was lucid and satisfactory. I do not know that the most-learned *alfaki* could have given a better. Placing his hand on a level with his breast, he said: ‘Koran, he live all same as here;’ next, pointing to the ground, ‘water, he live all same as down there.’ Then, elevating his hand some two feet above the spot which he had designated as the residence of the sacred

book, he enunciated rapidly : 'Big stone, he live all same as up there. Big stone, he fall on Koran; Koran, he fall in water; water, he make stain — all same!' So the Alcoran was bought, and now rejoices in a comfortable position in my book-case, far removed from its former neighbors, the big stone and pool of water.

The sailing-master of the vessel joined us soon after this purchase, and we betook ourselves to the Mohammedan grave-yard, where, seated under the shade, not of the 'spreading beech,' but of the leafy mango, we were assailed by the 'keen demands of appetite;' and said the master, looking toward a negro as he spoke : 'Mahomet, send that blackamoor for some cocoa-nuts.' The boy complied with this request by handing over two coppers worth a half-penny each, and the negro departed on his errand. As he widened his distance from us, a shadow stole over the features of the Arab youth, who 'looked not lovingly' on his retreat; and he presently exclaimed in a low tone of voice, as if communing with himself : 'My God! s'pose he no come back!'

'What's that you say?' cried I, laughing.

'Me no know,' he replied, joining in the laugh, and shrugging his shoulders like a Frenchman : 'Slave man — s'pose he no hungry, he come back; s'pose he hungry, he eat cocoa-nut — he run away — all same!'

Fortunately for us, our sable friend could not have been hungry, granting Mahomet's logic to be correct, for he soon returned with three fine cocoa-nuts, which the latter proceeded to open forthwith by knocking off the top.

'Why do n't you bore the eyes?' asked I.

'No Arab fashion; American man other fashion; Arab man *other* fashion — all same!'

'Follow me,' said Mahomet, after we had rested a while; 'you have something more to see : behold the slave-market!'

And I raised my eyes in wonder, for the place seemed fitter for the ministering office of angels than the fell deeds of man! The carpet at my feet was enamelled with flowers; over-head, the branches of the mango were interwoven with those of the pomegranate; here and there, birds of golden and scarlet plumage flitted merrily to and fro; and on all sides, and from all quarters, the stirring whoop and wild halloo of the Arab and Hindoo youths at play, broke the stillness of the evening air. The buyers and sellers were of all nations, and of every religious denomination; the slaves of but one: the luckless race of Ham, worshippers of the Fetish tree. Among these was an aged woman, blear-eyed and deformed; and by her side a little girl, the child of her old age: and passionately the poor mother strained her darling to her breast, and sadly and wistfully she looked upon the childish face she ne'er might gaze on more, for well she knew that this was their last meeting upon earth. I approached, and fain would I have spoken to her words of kindness and encouragement; but as I drew near, her eyes met mine, and I held my peace, for I saw 'that *her* grief was very great,' such as no mortal might assuage. Just then an Arab stalked insolently before me, and after examining the child's teeth, and coarsely feeling her limbs, as a jockey examines a horse, he threw his cane to a little distance, and bade her, as one bids a dog, to 'go and fetch;' to pick it up and bring it to him; and so having satisfied

himself that she was sound and active: 'How much dost thou ask for the slave?' he demanded of her master; and after some bargaining, he 'covenanted with him' for a few pieces of silver, and went his way, taking the girl with him. The voices of the *almuedens* now greeted my ears for the second time; and again the followers of the Prophet, looking toward the 'holy city,' prostrated themselves on the earth; the Parsee, too, knelt as, with arms outstretched, and body inclining slightly forward, he fixed his ardent gaze on the expiring orb of day; the Hindoo, laving his hands and face in water brought from the sacred Ganges, implored the protection of Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva; while the Catholic and the Buddhist, counting their prayers upon their respective rosaries, chanted a hymn of thanksgiving—this to Gaudama, that to the Virgin: 'Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of prayer.' A Protestant and a Jew stood a little apart: the one called upon Jesus; the other upon Moses and Father Abraham; and both thanked God in their hearts 'that they were like none of these!' And so, under different forms and with various ceremonies, Jew, Christian, and Gentile scrupled not with one accord to invoke the blessings of HEAVEN upon their heads, and they had but just executed the decrees of hell!

The captive, the while, stood conversing among them, with her eyes fixed steadfastly on the receding figure of her little girl. Her 'soul was exceeding sorrowful, even unto death.' She uttered no groan, she shed no tear; the heart of the negress was broken!

'Come,' said my mess-mate, laying his hand on my arm, and awaking me from a reverie into which I had fallen; 'it is time to return to our vessel.' So, bidding Mahomet 'good-night,' we departed: and thus ended my wanderings in Zanzibar.

D R E A M O F T H E D E M O S .

'Das Volk steht auf, der Sturm bricht los.'

KORNER.

YE have had a brave time of it, kings of the earth!
 Since Gog first put purple to clay,
 And, dying, transmitted his wisdom and worth
 To MAGOG, entitled by virtue and birth
 To lord it the right royal way.

And by craft ye've maintained what bluff daring began,
 Your grasp on the fairest and best;
 Consuming the eates, and commending the bran
 To your equals in all that is noblest in man,
 As your consciences needs must attest.

We are told that of old there was one of your line
 So proud of his pomp in the east,
 That he deemed himself worthy of homage divine,
 Till the Lord turned him out to eat grass with the kine,
 And grow a respectable beast.

Perhaps, by the year Nineteen Hundred or so,
 We DEMOS may come to such pass
 As to rise and bid Messieurs Divine Right and Co.,
 Czar, Bourbon, Braganza, Guelph, Hapsburg, all go,
 Like the great king aforesaid, to grass.

Then 'l'état, c'est moi,' shall be 'l'état, c'est nous,'
 The dictum reversed for the nonce:
 Having had quite enough of grand units like you,
 We fain would just see how King MILLION will do,
 Both as sovereign and subject at once.

New-York, 1853.

W. P. P.

THE NOON-TIDE GUN AT THE PALAIS ROYAL.

THE sun is the symbol of utilitarianism ; the moon that of romance. It is the blazing light of the present age of rail-way and telegraph, compared with the clear-obscure of the past age of stage-coaches and chivalry. But, as that very clear-obscure is, in itself, a material element of the *ars poetica*, it is but right and natural that the moon should continue to enjoy a monopoly of all that constitutes romance : and certainly, she *has* contrived to appropriate to herself a pretty good share of all the compliments, oaths, and epithets that have been lavished from any date you please up to the present. The chaste moon, the yellow moon, the silver moon, the new moon, the full moon, the horned moon, the harvest moon, the May moon, the crescent moon, 'Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear ;' (Shakspeare :) 'the Devil's in the moon for mischief ;' (Byron.) Her nomenclature is endless : great is the countenance afforded by her to the lover and the poet : and this, coupled with a certain quiet mystery which enshrouds her, has rendered her immensely popular with the contemplative. But the practical man of progress says : 'Give me the sun ; the matter-o'-fact, work-a-day sun.' Perhaps the practical man of progress is right. An excellent authority states that the moon was caught 'sleeping upon a bank at Belmont, over the water from bridge-linked Venice.' Probably the bank at Belmont was robbed that very night. But who ever heard of a bank being robbed while the sun was up and watching it ? No body. He is the Chief of Police, is the sun ; and although his epithets may be few, and some of them the reverse of flattering — Coleridge, for instance, calls him 'the bloody sun' — yet even as old Sol Phœbus, the tanner, has he acquired an undying reputation. Jack-of-all-trades, from hatching egg of 'plumed estridge' in the burning sands of Africa, to breaking up the ice-riveted lakes of the polar regions ; from lighting up the landscape of Italy in tones but feebly to be imitated even by a Claude, to knocking off in less than two minutes a family-group of yourself, your wife, and your seven blessed babes, with a truth not to be touched even by a Vandyke. Great master of chiar'oscuro ! But policeman, tanner, incubator, engineer, artist, and artillery-man, are only a few of the phases under which the versatile, work-a-day sun runs daily his career of ages. At present, however, we have only to do with him in

his military capacity. As an artist he partly owes his reputation to a Frenchman, the late ingenious Daguerre, who first employed him upon the lucrative branch of portraits; and it is in the French service, also, that he daily takes up his position as an artillery-man in the Palais Royal. Let us draw upon the French, then, for a few words respecting his military career, some account of which is to be found in the *Nouveau Tableau de Paris*.

In the garden of the Palais Royal there stands a small cannon, mounted upon a pedestal. Over the touch-hole of this gun a burning-glass is placed, so regulated as to give fire the moment the sun reaches the meridian — a service which, of course, can only be counted on when the sun chooses to shine; so that he is, literally, a volunteer artillery-man, and, like most volunteers, comes or stays away, just as he pleases.

On a bright morning, this garden is a place of very general resort. People go there to read the newspapers, which you can hire at the pavilions that stand at either end of the garden. You can get a chair there, too, and place it to suit your convenience; or you may read standing up or walking about, if you like it better; but you must pay for the chair all the same. As noon is drawing on, if the sun shines out, people begin to throng round the gun, waiting for his report on the time of day. One gentleman there looks very much interested indeed. Probably he does not possess a watch, and depends, therefore, on the gun for a time-piece. That stout individual *has* a watch, though, stout like himself, and nearly the size of an average warming-pan; and with this in one hand, and the key in the other, he stands ready to set it to a second, so that he may be able to state with confidence, 'I am with the gun,' which, in this case, is equivalent to being with the sun.

Yonder waits a country-gentleman, who has never seen the sun in his artillery-uniform, but has determined to enjoy the sight during his present visit to the great city. This is the fourth time he has come to the garden for that purpose; but the weather has been cloudy, and the gunner was not at his post. On every one of these occasions he has forwarded a dispatch to his wife in the country, stating that the sun had missed fire; upon which she answer makes: 'If that's all you want to see in Paris, I think the sooner you come home, the better; the old sun-dial in *our* garden *never* misses fire.' But brighter days come at last, and our country-gentleman rushes once more to the garden, in the full expectation of being able, this time, to obtain matter for a more encouraging dispatch to his wife.

Now come the *gamins*, closing about the gun; gentlemen, for the most part, to whom the time of day must be a matter of utter indifference, but who like to hear a cannon go off, simply because it makes a noise.

Next swagger in some of the men about town; walking gentlemen, who follow no particular occupation, but who enter the garden by chance, and remain until gun-fire, because they want something to distract them. Perhaps they think, also, that time may be killed by a cannon-shot.

Lastly flock in the nursery-maids, with their young charges. 'Young Harry with his beaver on' insists upon getting as near the gun as possible, because papa says the smell of powder will make a soldier of him;

while little Mademoiselle Louise wants to run away, and pulls her *bonne* by the skirt, to keep her from going near the nasty great cannon. But Jeannette, the *bonne*, magnetized by the basilisk eye of a trooper in the crowd, stands her ground, and says, as she administers a wholesome shake to little missy: 'We must stay here, because people mustn't be cowards; and beside, when the gun shoots off, there is no more fear of thieves nor nothing.' Just as Jeannette has arrived at this logical conclusion, the gentlemen who do a conveyancing business in watches, handkerchiefs, and snuff-boxes, and who never lose an opportunity of exercising their professional abilities, enter the garden, and mingle with the crowd assembled about the gun.

The moment arrives; every body is on tip-toe; and just as every body is about to give it up, bang! goes the gun. Then the *gamins* jump and shout for joy; and the stout gentleman who has his watch out returns it complacently to his large fob, and smiles with satisfaction as he says to himself: 'Just with the gun: I have the sun in my pocket.'

A fat old lady who is passing through the garden with her poodle, never thinking about the time of day, starts with a shriek, and cries in faltering accents: 'Heaven preserve us! what on earth can *that* be!' The poodle yells, and runs a short way with his tail down: then stops short, out of wind, and barks wheezily at himself for being such a fool.

A cynical-looking elderly gentleman turns, pulls out an ancient chronometer of the fashion known as 'Nuremburg Eggs,' and finding it about ten minutes slow, makes a face up at the sky, and says: 'How fast the sun is to-day!'

Look at Jeannette, the pretty nursery-maid, who insisted upon remaining near the great gun with her little charge. She is so intent upon the shot, or upon that basilisk of a trooper, that she is quite insensible to the neighborly attentions of a *chevalier* who has just helped himself to her pocket-handkerchief; and so she leads the children away, saying: 'Ha! ha! that was a fine shot. I hope you a' n't afraid of thieves nor nothing after that!'

A S E R E N A D E .

BY COLONEL EIDOLON.

'Tis mid night hour: the world in sleep
Is gently borne through empty space,
Whilst I a restless vigil keep,
Still haunted by thy face.
But, dear one, rest, and dream that we
Are arm-in-arm in yonder grove,
Whilst I am whispering low to thee
My simple tale of love!

'Tis mid-night hour: the breezes sigh;
The rippling stream glides smooth along,
And seems to murmur sweet reply,
To cheer my lonely song.
Then, dear one, rest, and dream that we
Are arm-in-arm in yonder grove,
Whilst I am whispering low to thee
My simple tale of love!

STANZAS: LIFE'S COURSE.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR

I.

THE bubbles on the river's breast,
 As light they float upon the tide,
 Now tranquil on her bosom rest,
 And now are tossed from side to side;
 Yet with a silent, ceaseless motion,
 Are borne toward the distant ocean.

II.

So, on the mighty stream of Time,
 Though oft we glide in tranquil course,
 Or idly on its heaving breast
 Are driven by the breeze's force,
 With silent, ceaseless flow are we
 Borne on toward Eternity!

HARTFORD IN THE OLDEN TIME.*

BY SÆVA

ALL books, like the languages in which they are written, may be divided into two classes: the living and the dead; into those which, at their birth, became 'living souls' by the inspiration of their creators, and those—the far greater number—that have nothing but a 'name to live,' without a solitary spark of inherent vitality, and incapable even of galvanic life; mere mummy-forms, appearing above ground only to burden the earth with their presence, when they ought rather to be quietly sleeping in their proper place below it. Truth compels us unwillingly to say, that too large a proportion of our books of history belong to this latter class. Hitherto, Dr. Dryasdust has been suffered to stand as the representative of the great body of historical writers and antiquaries, and it is high time for him to yield his place to a more genial successor. We can discover no valid reason for the common dryness and dusty deadness of historical literature. It is not evident to us that even a genealogical tree, for example, should so uniformly stand a sapless congeries of naked branches, with neither leaf, nor flower, nor fruit, save always a super-sufficient quantity of *dates*, very hard and very dry, and not easily digestible by the most 'eupeptic' intellectual stomach. The historian, assuming as he does the office of Recording Angel, should go farther

* HARTFORD IN THE OLDEN TIME: Its First Thirty Years. By SÆVA. Edited by W. M. B. HARTLEY. With Illustrations. Hartford: F. A. BROWN. 1853.

still, and borrow some little power, at least, from the Angel of Resurrection; so that when he blows his trumpet, the dead millions of the past shall be made to rise again and march visibly before us; not bloodless and bodiless phantoms; not sheeted ghosts, nor bandaged mummies; but real, personal, living, breathing, acting *men*, conquered from the grave's oblivion, and born again into historic life, years, centuries, and perhaps millenniums after their toughest bones have mouldered.

Whatever else may be said of the book before us, of which we have undertaken to give some account—this History of Hartford's First Thirty Years—no one can hesitate to acknowledge that it is 'vital in every part;' full, even to overflowing, of rich intellectual life. Were it not for the manly force of thought and utterance which stamps itself on every page, its exuberant vitality would vividly remind us of the romping, frolicking, rioting gambols of a child; such a child as we sometimes see, perfectly healthy and vigorous, and constantly expressing its vital power in all possible forms of strength and gracefulness. But we shall by and by speak more particularly of the 'interior life' of this volume. For the present, let us give the history of its origin, together with a just word or two regarding its external aspect.

The several chapters which compose the book appeared originally as articles in the Hartford *Daily Courant*, with the signature of 'SCÆVA;,' the significance of which name will be apparent to those who remember the Epistle of Horace, '*Ad Scævam*.' We betray no confidence, for the fact is generally known, when we add that 'Scæva' is the nominal representative of the Hon. J. W. STUART, a gentleman who has devoted much of his abundant leisure to historic researches; incited thereunto, perhaps, by the circumstance that upon his grounds and beneath his windows stands the famous 'Charter Oak,' that noble tree which, nearly two hundred years ago, held fruit within its old gnarled body far richer than that which the 'Royal Oak' of England once hid among its branches.

These articles, as they appeared from time to time, were received with interest and admiration by all intelligent readers; and as the series drew near its close, a general prayer was uttered (the muse of Mrs. Sigourney adding her poetic petition) that the author would gather them up and reproduce them in the permanent form of a book. Mr. Stuart did not hold himself at liberty to refuse a request so just and so earnestly urged; and taking to himself an editor, W. M. B. Hartley, Esq., the book in due time made its appearance. Editor Hartley, we must say in passing, has performed his part of the task well. He has contributed a graceful and appropriate preface, a few notes in the body of the work, and we are also informed that its graphic illustrations were all engraved from original sketches by his practised pencil.

It is always pleasant to find a beautiful spirit beautifully embodied; and if the internal matter is worthy to be so clothed upon, we experience a certain esthetic delight whenever the vision of fine, white paper, clear type, and tasteful decorations generally, greets our eyes in the shape of a book. For the credit of our friends and towns-men, F. A. Brown, the publisher, and Case, Tiffany and Company, the printers, we are happy to say that few books have ever appeared from the press in this country, conceived in better taste, and executed with more perfect success, than

Stuart's History of Hartford. This is high praise indeed, but no competent critic will pronounce it at all extravagant.

Returning to the matter of the volume, it is possible that some will object to the peculiar style in which it is written, as below the dignity of history; or if not below, then at least on one side of it. But in adopting this somewhat fantastic dress, this Joseph's coat of many colors, wherein to clothe his thoughts, the author did not act out of mere eccentricity or caprice. The first necessity, as well as the highest merit of all writers, is *to be read*; and Mr. Stuart was well aware that to secure this result, something more was needed in the present case, than the stately, solemn, respectable march of the historic pen. Respectability, we are sorry to say, is very apt to be dull in literature as elsewhere. Hence the free and fearless caracoling of Scæva; sometimes extravagant, perhaps, but never ungraceful; and the more readily pardonable, inasmuch as he is careful, in all his prancings and curvetings, not to leave the firm foundation of fact. Articles written, as these were, for a daily paper, must have something in them to seize and fix the roving eyes of newspaper-readers, a class of persons not greatly distinguished for patient study of the more profound productions of literature. For ourselves, we are grateful for the book as it is, and have no desire to indulge in critical comment. We must be allowed, however, to express some slight dissatisfaction with its super-abundance of classical quotation and allusion. This doubtless shows the extensive reading and tenacious memory of the writer; but a mind so rich in original wealth as his, had no need to adorn its works so lavishly with poetic garlands, woven by the hands of others.

Mr. Stuart's volume is substantially much more than it claims to be. He calls it the history of a town; but it is in fact the history of a State, during the period which he embraces; since at that time Hartford was Connecticut in a more perfect sense than Paris is France. We have long needed a new history of Connecticut, for the tedious Trumbull is not readable by the present generation, and in the volume before us we have a most valuable contribution toward such a work. Might we whisper a word of counsel in Mr. Stuart's ear, we would say, 'Friend, go up higher; let your pen take a wider sweep; let your 'Thirty Years' become two hundred and thirty, and give us what we so much want, a complete history of our native State.'

The great merit of this book, in our eyes, is its life-like presentation, not only of the *acts* of the founders of Connecticut, but of the *men* themselves. Noble men they were, the flower of the New-England colonists, uniting with the rigid Puritan virtues, broader and more liberal views of public policy than characterized the majority of their brethren. In Connecticut, church-membership was never made the *sine qua non* of citizenship; Connecticut was wholly free from the great stain of religious persecution; we wish we could also say, as Trumbull does, that Connecticut murdered no witches; but the accurate Kingsley has discovered two cases of the kind, and the journal of Goffe, the regicide, as quoted by Hutchinson, alludes to another. Such men as these deserve not simply an annalist, but a true historian, and in our author they have found the very man. Mr. Stuart is a painter. He belongs to that highest class of artists who need no brush nor canvas for their pictures. His book has

constantly recalled to us that only epic poem of our age, or rather that grand historical painting, by Carlyle, which he calls the History of the French Revolution. Under the magic touch of his pen — a mightier wand than witch or wizard ever yet wielded — the graves of two centuries give up their dead, and the men that lay therein repeat for us the heroic parts they acted long ago. Let us now venture a rapid outline-sketch of *Scæva's* historic pictures.

First of all, he shows us a company of men, women, and children, numbering about one hundred souls, on the march from their old homes in Cambridge, Massachusetts, to the Promised Land by the river Connecticut. The chief fathers of the expedition, Hooker, Haynes, Stone and others, are pictured with a glowing yet discriminating hand; and we seem to see, in bodily presence before us, the whole company, as they slowly advance, step by step, through the wilderness, over the same ground where now the 'iron horse' madly rushes with his thundering train, achieving in a single hour what to them was a four days' journey. Their toilsome progress, with all its detail of peril and difficulty, is vividly painted, till they reach at last that beautiful river on whose banks they are henceforth to live, and, when their work on earth is done, to die.

Next comes a picture of the Connecticut valley, as it lay in its wild, native beauty, before the charmed eyes of the colonizing band. It is June, the most magnificent month of all the year. At the bottom of the valley, the calm waters of the river wind their silver way. Beneath its waves, the sturgeon, the salmon, and an infinite variety of smaller fish are playing; the wild-geese, the wild-duck, and numerous other fowl that love the water are sporting on its surface, intermixed with such aquatic animals as the otter, the beaver, the mink, and the musk-rat. The fires of the Indian have swept the trees from its banks, leaving long reaches of open meadow-land, rich with the alluvial deposit of centuries; but back upon all the hills, the primeval forest still frowns in its deep, grand gloom. Natural fruits burden the trees, and nuts of all kinds proper for the soil and climate are abundant. Roots and herbs, for esculent and medicinal use, are scattered all around. Wild game; the bear, the moose, the deer, the turkey, the partridge, the quail, and pigeons in clouds that hide the sun, assure the pioneers that if their chosen land flows not with milk and honey, they nevertheless need fear no want of more substantial food. And, master still of what is so soon to pass away from him for ever, the Red Man wanders through the forest and paddles his light canoe upon the stream; absorbed, like a child, in the present, and happily ignorant of the dark future before him.

Of the purchase of the land, the disposition of it, and the general plan of the new town, we need not speak, except to state the gratifying fact that the land *was* purchased of the aboriginal owners; though the 'consideration' which they received does not appear. But at this point of the history, a note is interposed relating to 'Black Governors of Connecticut,' which demands a passing remark.

From a period anterior to the Revolution down to 1820 or thereabout, it was the custom of the colored people of Connecticut annually to elect one of their number as the occupant of a supposititious gubernatorial chair. In the mode of election, in the subsequent public parade,

and in other imitable matters, the example of the whites was closely followed. The authority of the black governor was of course exclusively of the moral kind, derived from the *lex non scripta*; but this circumstance seems not to have weakened its force, or interfered with its exercise. 'He settled all grave disputes in the last resort; questioned conduct, and imposed penalties and punishments sometimes for vice or misconduct.' It is added that he was 'obeyed almost implicitly.'

We are next presented with an accurate map of the town of Hartford, as it appeared in 1640, wherein are given the house and lot of each individual settler, together with the various streets and thoroughfares; and then follows a full and particular account of the civil, religious, and military organization of the colony. This organization was purely democratic, both in church and state. It is a noticeable fact that the constitution of Connecticut, adopted in 1639, quietly assumed the complete sovereignty of the people by whom it was framed. There is no allusion whatever to the parent-country. There is no hint to indicate that they were aware of the existence of any government beyond their own, to which they might possibly be expected to render the obedience of subjects. In thus planting themselves upon independent ground, the colonists doubtless felt themselves secure by their distance from the central seat of English power, and by their own obscurity.

A glimpse at the 'first burying-ground' is followed by an antiquarian research after the origin of the name, Hartford, and the invention of a coat-of-arms for the city. Mr. Stuart shows himself familiar with the science of heraldry, and he seems to take pride, not without cause, at the success of his effort in this direction. On a heart-shaped shield he has pictured a beautiful river with its fertile banks, which a noble *hart* is *fording*. At the base is a grape-vine bearing fruit; the crest is an American eagle with its wings displayed, and the motto reads: '*Post nubila Phœbus*.' The citizens of Hartford have shown their appreciative sense of the invention, by adopting the device for the City Seal. In illustration of the author's style, we must quote a page or two, at this point of progress:

'The motto, '*Post nubila Phœbus*'—we can speak of it freely, as we did not originate, but only newly applied it—is it not rich, poetical, sublime in meaning? How true as to Hartford in the past, historically! How applicable in all time! The Old World darkly oppressed our settlers ere they left their home across the seas; the New World set them free! *After the clouds, the sun!* Cold and famine frustrated their first attempts at settlement; their next succeeded. *After the clouds, the sun!* The startled, vindictive savages of our coast threatened them early with destruction, but they were scattered like chaff before the wind: and down in the stream of time, the tomahawk and the scalping-knife were again and often brandished for the destruction of our town, but the glimmer of these savage weapons faded in the superior flash of the pistol and the gleam of the pike. *After the clouds, the sun!* The soil our early towns-men tilled, forgot, at times, to yield its increase; cold and rain stifled their seeds and fruits; but the friendly Indians around them, and far at the sources of the Connecticut, husbanded their stock, and made the pale man's face of famine to smile. *After the clouds, the sun!* The Dutch vexed them from the Point; intruded on their lands; attempted at times to seize the fort which guarded the mouth of the river that floated their commerce; but sequestration made the Point peaceful, and bold hearts and a little ordnance preserved the fort. *After the clouds, the sun!* A tyrant attempted to seize and destroy a charter that protected their township: the instrument was hid triumphantly in an oak. *After the clouds, the sun!* A minion of the Duke of York attempted in our own Main-street to usurp the command of our train-band, but fled ingloriously away, 'dumbed' and deafened by the drums and menaces of its brave commander. *After the clouds, the sun!* French power severely annoyed our towns-men in common

with all English colonists, but it was annihilated in the New World, at the bastions of Louisburgh. *After the clouds, the sun!* Again and often, subsequently, the hand of British tyranny lay heavy and sore upon our town liberty: in common with sister towns, we triumphantly threw off its pressure. *After the clouds, the sun!* Toil, difficulty, peril, disappointments, occasionally despair even — the lot of all communities — have at various times encompassed the path of our town on its journey of two hundred and seventeen years: but they have seldom long embarrassed, never choked our progress. From about two hundred, we are now eighteen thousand souls. From a few colonial thousand pounds' worth of property, we have now our millions. From a little commerce in skins, now a commerce various almost as human wants, whose merchandise, in heaps almost colossal, stares us daily in the face upon our wharves, in our vessels, or in our ware-houses, our dépôts, and our cars. Instead of struggling against foreign foes for life and a livelihood, we are now dandling in the lap of peace, and nursing the useful arts. Instead of want, we have abundance.

'The 'hope deferred' of our first settlers, is the hope fulfilled, and still fulfilling, of our own day. Their wilderness aspirations are our present garden enjoyments. Though thus, in the past, skies have been at intervals dark, and tempests have lowered, and the elements burst in storm, yet day has been sure to break clear, peaceful, and radiant; and so, in spite of all temporary obstructions, if we but act well our part, will continue to break, long as time on earth, immortal as hope, and sure as the goodness of HEAVEN! *After the clouds, the sun!* Let us thank God and be happy!'

We need not repeat what is said of the municipal and judicial organization of the town in the two following chapters, but we must pause a moment over its military history at this period; including, as it does, the brief but terrible conflict with the powerful and ferocious Pequods. Never did the latter portion of Jean Paul's dictum, 'Nature forces on our heart a Creator; History a Providence,' receive a more remarkable verification than in the circumstances of this famous Indian war. The stars in their courses fought with our fathers. In their last extremity of peril, one well-aimed blow delivered them, and crushed the power of their enemy for ever. The event of that conflict was like the rising of the sun at mid-night, so sudden and complete was the change from gloom, terror, and almost despair, to the joy of deliverance and of victory. And the salutary fear inspired by that result, preserved the colonists of Connecticut for ever after from all danger of Indian hostility.

But we must hasten on; for both time and space would fail us, if we lingered long over the chapters that follow. These chapters relate to Land Policy, Sumptuary Laws, Agriculture, Trade and Commerce; the School, the Church, the Grave, down to 1650, with which date our author concludes the first period of his history. These are fruitful topics, as the reader will not fail to see, embracing much that was peculiar to the Connecticut colonists, and furnishing the key to the remarkable success which followed their efforts for the founding of a new state.

The second period continues the civil history from 1650 to 1665; presents a pleasant chapter on the mills and inns of Hartford; glances at the ecclesiastic trouble which arose in the Hartford church, and thence extending, finally involved the State, and indeed the whole of New-England, in bitter controversy; notices the code of laws adopted in 1650, with whatever was peculiar in the enactments themselves or the penalties attached to them; discourses at length upon the collisions between the English and Dutch settlers of Connecticut; enlarges upon the military history of the colony; speaks of marriages, births, and deaths; including, apropos to the latter, brief biographical sketches of Governors Haynes and Hopkins and the Rev. Mr. Stone; and, after a parting word on the School, makes an end of the whole, with appropriate reflections.

In respect to the controversy between the English and the Dutch, our inquiry, made with some diligence several years ago, has led us, in spite of filial and patriotic predilection, to a result at variance with that of Mr. Stuart. *He* maintains, against all comers, the perfect right of the English to the Valley of the Connecticut; *we* hold, with equally confident opinion, to the right of the many-breeched Hollanders. Let us show, in as few words as possible, the grounds of our faith.

Connecticut was probably the last portion of the whole sea-coast of the United States which fell under the eye of European adventurers. Separated from the Atlantic by an island which passes along the whole front of its territory, it is not strange that the foreign voyager should have long mistaken this island for a part of the continent itself. According to De Laet, a Dutch historian, Long-Island Sound was first navigated, in 1614, by his own country-men, who sailed for some distance up the Connecticut, and named it the Fresh river. On the other hand, English writers have claimed that the coast of Connecticut was originally explored by one Thomas Dermer, in 1619, while on his way from Cape Cod to Virginia. But we are not aware of any sufficient reason for rejecting the testimony of De Laet. Both Bradford and Morton inform us that the Plymouth people knew nothing of the Connecticut river until they received intelligence of it from the Dutch, who gave them the most glowing accounts of the fruitfulness of the country and its advantages for trade, and urged them to make settlements there. They were unable, however, at that time to accept the friendly invitation. This was before the colonizing expedition of Holmes or the exploring visit of Winslow, and while the Plymouth colonists were yet alone in New-England. Evidently, therefore, so far as original discovery can give any right to the soil, that right was with the Dutch.

And it is equally certain that the Dutch were the first to occupy Connecticut. They had already established themselves at Hartford, and had been long enough in possession to erect a 'light fort' there, when William Holmes, with his Plymouth company, appeared in the river, in search of a place for settlement upon its banks. With the Dutch, therefore, was originality of discovery and priority of occupation. Why then they should be called, as Trumbull calls them, 'mere intruders,' it is hard to understand. Connecticut was as fairly open to them as to the English. The 'Great Patent of New-England,' given by James I., could not shut them out. The claim of the British king to this vast extent of country, based upon the explorations of Sebastian Cabot and others, was simply absurd. As well might the Spaniards have declared their undivided right to the whole American continent, on the sole ground that one of their captains originally opened the path of discovery. Not to dwell longer, however, upon this question, we refer those who may wish to examine it farther, to an article in the eighth volume of the *North-American Review*, attributed to Judge Davis, the learned and candid editor of Morton's Memorial, wherein the whole matter is exposed in the clearest and most convincing style.

Bidding now farewell to Mr. Stuart's volume, happy if our word of commendation shall have the effect to add in any degree to the favorable regard in which it so well deserves to be held, let us close by a rapid

glance at the prominent personal characteristics of the founders of Connecticut and, generally, of New-England. The theme is old, but not yet by any means exhausted; and however thread-bare some may regard it, our merit will be the greater if, like the cotter's wife, we succeed at all in making the 'auld claes' of history look 'amaist as weel's the new.'

That the first colonists of New-England were a 'peculiar people,' is universally admitted, but at this point terminates all agreement in regard to them. No class of men ever lived and acted on the earth, who have found warmer friends or more bitter enemies than they; none who have been so much 'be-written,' both by detractor and admirer; none, we may add, who have been treated with so little of philosophic insight and impartiality.

On the one hand, the eulogist of the Puritans has come forth to his task, predetermined and almost (to borrow one of their own words) 'fore-ordained' to magnify every excellence out of all due proportion; to cover every fault with the thickest and broadest mantle; to see nothing but dazzling glory on the face of their sun; and to insist, with pertinacious rudeness, that the dark spots which others find there are only moles in the eyes of the beholder. On the other side, the haters of the Puritans, of whom the world is even yet full, are not less extravagant in their condemnation; calling their evil, good, and their good, evil; mystifying their plainest acts of heroic devotion to duty, by imputations of the unworthiest motives, and searching, with a diligent skill which even scavengers might envy, for every foul and polluted scandal to cast upon their graves.

It shall be our aim to follow the difficult path between these two extremes of prejudice, and to judge of all things by the exact and rigorous laws of Truth and Right.

The first fact that strikes us, when we call to the critical bar the fathers of New-England, is their total and inflexible *devotion to duty*. The question now is not whether they were always wise in their applications of the rule of right in particular cases, but whether it was the set purpose of their hearts to follow what they esteemed their *duty*, wherever it might lead them. Upon this one point, at least, there would seem to be no place for doubt. The whole course and conduct of their lives shine forth with lustrous proof of their sincerity. Hypocritical and self-seeking men do not, as they did, resign every worldly honor and advantage without one backward glance of regret; do not, as they did, cheerfully encounter every peril of the old apostle, hunger, and cold, and nakedness, by land and by sea, in the wilderness and among false brethren; do not, as they did, lay themselves calmly down on the cold bosom of the earth, making their own bodies the foundation of a new empire, and suffering them to be crushed by the vast superstructure which they could only behold by faith, towering in its majestic beauty. That they were sincere, earnest, and self-denying men, is proved by the toil, and tears, and blood which cover all their history; and to indulge a doubt or suspicion on this head, belongs only to those whom prejudice has rendered incapable of candid and rational judgment.

This complete devotion to *duty*, even if it stood alone, would entitle

the fathers of New-England to a place in the front rank of men, for it is one of the rarest of human attainments. Let it be said, if it must be, that they were mistaken, narrow-minded, bigoted; let their particular acts be brought to the bar of a more advanced society, and condemned by judges born since they died; all this, nevertheless, changes not the original fact. They followed, with perfect fidelity, the light they had; light which they never doubted shone down upon them from above, and in whose effulgence all lesser glories of the earth, its pride, and pomp, and pleasure, grew dim, and faded from their eyes. All other fears were lost to them in the fear of God. All other loves quietly submitted themselves to the divine love of duty.

Out of this main element of the Puritan character sprang all the individual traits which they exhibited. They were *strong* men; the strongest, perhaps, that the world ever saw; because their religion was a fact, and not a fiction; because it was the root of their whole being, and not a graceful covering of leaves and flowers, to be scattered by the first wind, and perish at the earliest frost of autumn. And in their strength lay the spring of their success. Admit that they were hard, angular, ungraceful; had they been less so, who can say that they would have triumphed as they did over the thousand obstacles which rolled themselves continually in their path? They were fitted for the work that was laid upon them; prepared by a rigorous discipline of soul and body to subdue the stormy waves of the Atlantic; to wrestle with and overthrow the giants of the forest, rooted by centuries against them; to break up a soil which had been growing more and more rigid in its rest since the world began; and beside all this, to struggle even for existence with the warriors of a treacherous and ferocious race. They were not men (do you say?) to shine in courts and adorn society with the grace and polish of an exact civilization. Very true; but after all, it is right to judge them by their fitness for their appointed work. Gentler and more beautiful spirits than theirs would have shrunk from the terrors which they bravely encountered. The graceful and polished Erasmus may shine in loveliest light from the cloisters of learning, and throw his charm around the circles of social life, but the stormy strength of Luther is needed to carry on the Reformation.

The *intolerance* of the Puritans was an essential and consistent part of their total character, and the legitimate offspring of their religion. They held, that on every question there could be but two sides; the one right, and the other wrong. They believed, without the faintest shadow of a doubt to disturb them, that they were always right; and of course, that every one who differed from them, by the exact measure of his difference, was wrong. To tolerate any divergency of creed or conduct, therefore, was to connive at sin, and this they could not do. It was the very intensity of their religious belief which made them persecutors. Had their faith been less, their charity would have been greater. Could they have allowed a possible suspicion to enter their minds that tenets differing from their own might still contain a modicum of truth, the dissidents would have doubtless met with gentler treatment at their hands. Could they have believed that even a Quaker or an Anabaptist might nevertheless love God, and be loved by Him, a glow of fraternal feeling would

have arrested the arm that was lifted to smite them into banishment and death. But in their rigorous judgment, every 'errorist' was a child of Satan; and to endure such, was scarcely less sinful than to enter into terms with the Arch-enemy himself. We may respect bigotry so earnest and sincere as this; but no words are now needed to show its wrong. Every belief which a man cherishes beyond certain moral and mathematical axioms should be held with the mental reservation of its possible falsehood, simply because he has no right to assume his own infallibility. He has no right to declare that his creed, contradicted as it is by the creed of other men not less intelligent and upright than himself, is perfect verity, while theirs is pure and simple falsehood. He may — indeed he must, if he would not lapse into total skepticism — believe with confidence enough to make his faith the practical guide of his own life; but beyond this he cannot go, without committing the great sin of intolerance, without violating those rights of intellect and conscience which belong to all others not less really than to himself.

Another characteristic of the Puritans was the strong feeling of *personal independence* by which they were inspired. Individualism was never more boldly developed than among them. They were always keenly sensitive to the danger of external control, always watchful lest the rights which they held so dear should suffer infringement. This was manifest in the constant difficulties between the colonies and the English government, and in their no less constant quarrels among themselves. Scarcely a year passed when all the separate colonies rested in a mutual good understanding. The weaker were jealous of the stronger, and, in many cases, not without reason. Even the loose and feeble bond which embraced the Confederation of the United Colonies would never have been formed but for the fear they felt of the Dutch and the savages on the one hand, and of England on the other; and very many of the meetings of the commissioners were filled only with mutual complaints and accusations. And when we look more closely into the private life of the Puritans, we find the same unpleasant manifestations there. It could not well be otherwise among men so tenacious of their own views, and so intolerant of the views of other. The peace of society can only be preserved by one of two methods. Either one master-will must crush all others into quiet submission to its sway, or else all individual wills, each preserving its independence, must accustom themselves to the check of mutual forbearance and charity. The Puritans, occupying a position between the two, could avail themselves of the advantages of neither. They had cast off the mental slavery of the first without yet attaining the final wisdom of the other. They had escaped from Egypt, and were moving toward the Promised Land, but after a march of more than forty years in the wilderness, even their Moses had not yet seen it from the top of Pisgah.

With reluctance — for there is a seeming harshness in the charge — but yet with a full conviction of its truth, we must add that the New-England Puritans were *rather Jews than Christians*. If we would learn what Christianity is, we should go, first of all, to the words of JESUS CHRIST. Whatever He spoke is Christian truth, and whatever contradicts Him, or departs from His instructions, by whomsoever uttered or wher-

ever found, is *not* Christianity. And the Sermon on the Mount is, beyond all denial, the most complete and definite exposition of his doctrine, as applied to men and human duty. It shall be no longer, he says, as it was 'of old time.' I give you a new law of life; and whoever calls himself by my name, and professes to follow me, must receive my words, and live in the spirit which inspires them. That He might leave no room for doubt on this point, He repeats the very words of the Mosaic law, which assert the principle of the *lex talionis*, 'An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth,' and declares its abrogation; delivering, at the same time, the new commandment: 'Resist not evil.' The contrast is presented in the plainest terms of language; the law of Moses propounds the principle of retaliation; the law of CHRIST commands the duty of forgiveness. To follow the first is to be, to this extent at least, a Jew in religion; to follow the last is to be a Christian.

Judge, now, the Puritans by this test, and mark the result to which we are compelled to come. Look first at the civil polity which they adopted. It was all Jewish. Their capital laws were simply reproductions of the Mosaic statutes. It was enough for them to discover that three thousand years ago, among a half-civilized people, certain crimes were accounted worthy of the death-penalty. Apparently forgetting that since that time CHRIST had lived and taught, and that they professed to be His followers, they imported across the sea of centuries the same terrible punishment for the same specific crimes; and this, too, in the face of the open declaration of their Master and His disciples, that the old system had for ever passed away.

Their superstitious reverence for the Sabbath was also completely Jewish. In their view, the day of rest was not made for man, but man was made for it, and no circumstance whatever could justify the least relaxation from the rigor of the old rule. Following the Jews also, they made their Sabbath begin on Saturday evening; thus consecrating as holy time, not the seventh day wholly, nor yet the first day wholly, but parts of both.

And the Old Testament pattern was copied, not only in civil and political affairs, but the Jewish spirit too much pervaded the private life of the Puritans. Exceptions should doubtless be made in favor of certain individuals among them; but as a general fact, in their private disputes and contentions, there was little manifestation of the patience, and gentleness, and forbearance which we are taught to regard as the outward evidence of a truly Christian soul. The same stern rigor which filled all the public administration, descended also into their social and domestic relations, and a quarrel once begun was healed, if at all, only with much difficulty, and after long delay.

But among the Puritan ministers of religion, the Jewish spirit found its most marked development. Whenever any point in practical morality of doubtful solution arose, it was to the Hebrew Scriptures that they first applied for light to direct their course; and the act of some barbarian of old was often taken as the valid warrant for their own conduct. Their counsel was frequently sought by the magistrates of the colonies, in respect to the kind and degree of punishment to be inflicted upon particular offenders; and it is painful to remark how uniformly they threw

the great weight of their influence into the scale of severity. 'What shall be done,' say the magistrates, 'with this malefactor? He is guilty of crime, we know, but we doubt as to the punishment proper for his offence.' The ministers open the Old Testament, (always the *Old Testament*,) and searching diligently there, they find some record which seems to bear upon the case in hand, and then they calmly answer: 'Let him die.' Always the magistrates were found more merciful than the ministers; and more than one heretic, through their forbearance, escaped the last penalty, whom the preachers of a gospel of peace and pardon had adjudged to death. Were these men cruel? Did they delight in the shedding of blood? By no means. We bring against them no such charge. Their sole mistake might be almost called a simple error in chronology. They miscalculated the age of the world by just three thousand years; and forgetting that the sun of TRUTH never goes back on the dial of Time, they confounded its first faint beams of morning with the light of its perfect day.

The founders of New-England were *superstitious* men. In this they were not singular, for superstition was the general characteristic of the age in which they lived. But it belonged to the intensity of their nature to advance farther than others in whatever direction they advanced at all; and so they were preëminent in their superstition. A profound belief possessed them that the powers of the invisible world constantly mingled themselves in the affairs of men. Every portent of nature beyond those of the most common occurrence, was interpreted as a direct message from Heaven; the utmost liberty of 'private judgment' being indulged in the interpretation. Forgetful of the warning of CHRIST, that those who are involved in great and sudden calamity should not be therefore regarded as sinners above other men, they were wont to consider the misfortunes of individuals as evidence of especial Divine displeasure — an error into which the ignorant of all ages are prone to fall, but which no longer deludes the minds of intelligent men. Even the elder Winthrop, one of the most liberal and charitable of the New-England fathers, has sprinkled the pages of his journal with the record of misfortunes which he hesitated not to regard as penal inflictions of the ALMIGHTY.

The tendency to *spiritualize all things* was equally remarkable. It is amusing enough to the modern reader to follow the Puritan ministers in their laborious ingenuity in this department; and the 'correspondences' which they detected and unfolded would have delighted the soul of Swedenborg himself. The most intelligent and learned members of the clerical body were not less prone than others to indulge in this kind of intellectual play; and even the great John Cotton himself did not disdain to assert his preëminence in this not very exalted sphere of professional duty.

The *lack of humor* was a common characteristic of the New-England Puritans. A few of them, indeed, possessed a kind of unwieldy and ungraceful wit, (the gambol of the elephant,) but this was very different from the humor of which we speak. It is not enough to say that the work which they had in hand was of too serious a sort to allow of humor in the actors, for it is upon just such a rugged path as they were compelled to tread that its rosy light ought oftenest to shine.

In the life of the Puritans also appeared an uncommon degree of *stoicism*; or perhaps we should rather name it *self-reserve*. The emotive part of their nature was kept under rigorous control. They were not men to carry their hearts in their hands, and have them read by every passing eye. We have no right to say, as some have done, that their domestic and personal affections were relatively feeble. On the contrary, there is the best reason for believing that these affections partook of their general strength of character. But they abhorred the indelicate fashion of later days, which shrinks not from publishing to the common world the most secret and holy of the heart's emotions; even the most intimate intercourse of the soul with its CREATOR. There is a chastity of spirit as well as of body, and to set the first naked before the world is no less revolting to a delicate mind than to do the same thing with the other. The first age of New-England was not the age of 'religious biography,' including copious extracts from the private journals and closet exercises of the 'departed saint.' Puritan literature is happily free from this modern immodesty.

The admirable journal of Winthrop repeatedly illustrates this rigorous self-reserve. His son Henry, 'a sprightly and hopeful young gentleman,' was accidentally drowned a few days after the arrival in New-England of the Massachusetts colonists. The Governor's only public record of this sad event was in these words: 'My son, Henry Winthrop, was drowned at Salem.' Did the father, then, carry a stone in his bosom in the place of a heart, that he could so coldly announce a personal affliction so sudden and severe? Examine his *private* letters to his wife, and the answer will be manifest. With the unutterable anguish of David, he cries: 'My son Henry! my son Henry! Ah! poor child!' His heart knew its own bitterness, and for that very reason no stranger was allowed to intermeddle.

In the summer of 1647, an 'epidemical sickness' swept over New-England, and during its progress destroyed many valuable lives. Among the deaths was that of Governor Winthrop's wife. The entry in his journal reads as follows: 'In this sickness, the Governor's wife, daughter of Sir John Tindal, knight, left this world for a better; being about fifty-six years of age: a woman of singular virtue, prudence, modesty, and piety, and especially beloved and honored of all the country.' This tribute to womanly worth, which any common friend might pay, is all that the self-reserve of the husband permits him to utter before the world. But his private letters show his marital love in a different light. The endearing epithets which he there lavishes upon her would grace the pages of a modern romance: 'My sweet wife;' 'Mine own dear heart;' 'Mine only best beloved;' 'My love, my joy, my faithful one.' These, and other kindred terms of tenderness, flowing freely forth in the sacred privacy of heart-communion, show the fire steadily burning beneath the calm surface, though never breaking forth into visible volcanic flames of passion.

Much might be added respecting the more common life and feeling of the Puritans, respecting food, dress, social intercourse, family government, amusements, and other minor matters, as we call them, although, in fact, they constitute the principal part of human being, and go very far in

shaping and finally fixing human character. But upon these points of the picture we cannot at present dwell. We must make room, however, to correct a common impression which prevails regarding the extreme simplicity, and even rudeness, of the founders of New-England, in whatever pertained to grace and beauty in outward garb and adornment. Puritanic strictness in this matter did not cross the ocean with our fathers, but originated one generation later, on the soil of New-England itself. The valuable volume entitled *Chronicles of the Pilgrims*, for which we are indebted to Alexander Young, contains a portrait of Governor Winslow, of Plymouth, the only portrait of the pilgrims which has come down to us. In outward appearance, the Governor might be almost mistaken for a cavalier. His garments are of rich material; his flowing locks rest upon his shoulders; his neck and wrists are encircled with ruffles of fine linen; a ring glitters on one of his fingers; a handsome mustache adorns his upper lip, and an imperial depends from the lower; and not a sign of the Roundhead can be detected on any part of his portly person. We do not always remember that many of the first colonists of New-England were men of wealth and high social position. Sumptuary laws against all the grace and beauty of life came later; the leader in this 'reform' being that stern old fanatic, Governor Dudley.

Having already considerably exceeded the limits which we proposed for ourselves at the commencement of the article, we must drop the subject somewhat abruptly, adding only a hope, which is also a prayer, that some competent writer would give us a more complete description than we have ever yet had of the private and domestic life of the New-England Puritans: 'a history of their fire-sides.'

C H I L D H O O D .

A F R A G M E N T

WHEN on Life's ocean borne away
 From dreaming Childhood's peaceful shore,
 We care not then to longer stay,
 Nor grieve that we'll return no more.
 But swells the heart with gay delight,
 And Hope's frail pinions mount on high,
 When Manhood's clime, at length in sight,
 Looms up, to greet youth's longing eye.

Too soon sweet Fancy's dreams dispelled,
 And Hope, poor flutterer, drooping low;
 The heart that once so gladly swelled,
 In tears has quenched its ardent glow.
 And yearning Memory turns to where
 Far, far behind, that peaceful shore
 In beauty shines—so calm, so fair—
 Blest Childhood! lost for ever more.

MARY'S HOLLOW, NEAR PEEKSKILL.

BY THOMAS MACKELLAR.

I.

A SHADY dell beside the road,
Sequestered, cool, and grassy:
A pleasant brook a-near it flowed,
Its current pure and glassy.

II.

Sweet MARY's home was on the hill,
Up in the farm-house yonder;
But in the dell, so cool and still,
It was her wont to wander.

III.

Her father's sheep the tender maid
Her steps had sought to follow,
And friskful lambs around her played,
Down in the grassy hollow.

IV.

And there she sat on summer days,
Her nimble fingers flitting
Through many an intertwisting maze
In curious arts of knitting.

V.

And there she sang some simple song
Or hymn, learned from her mother:
The hours to her were never long —
Each moment chased the other.

VI.

A native quietude of mien
So graciously became her,
The maidens on the village-green
With honor loved to name her.

VII.

The quiet meekness of her brow
Awoke no special wonder,
Though like a brook beneath the snow
The sparkling thoughts flowed under.

VIII.

And often-times a sudden smile
Her countenance stole over,
As flitting sun-beams dance the while
O'er fields of blooming clover.

IX.

The angel of her peaceful hearth,
Her mother's hand caressed her:
She changed her father's care to mirth,
And silently he blessed her.

X.

On Sunday in the village-choir
Her pure, sweet voice, out-pealing,
Struck up, in listening hearts, the fire
Of deep and holy feeling.

XI.

When sorrow's burden fell upon
Some soul too weak to bear it,
She bent her willing shoulder down,
And kindly sought to share it.

XII.

The great wide world was all astir,
And heaved in toppling billows,
But all was calm as heaven to her,
Beneath her drooping willows.

XIII.

As life ran on with silent pace,
Her meek and quiet spirit
Grew meeter for the holy place
The pure in heart inherit.

XIV.

So, when the leaves were turning red,
And autumn-winds were sweeping,
Sweet MARY with the early dead
Beneath the grass was sleeping.

Philadelphia, July, 1853.

The Fudge Papers:

BEING THE OBSERVATIONS, AT HOME AND ABROAD, OF DIVERS MEMBERS OF
THE FUDGE FAMILY.

—
RENDERED INTO WRITING BY TONY FUDGE
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CHAPTER TWENTIETH

THE DANGEROUS BLIMMER.

‘You are the silliest lover in Christendom. If you like Miss ———, why do you not command her to take you? If she does not, she is not worth pursuing.’

SWIFT'S LETTERS.

I SHALL here take the liberty of making an observation upon an individual who may possibly have important relations with the FUDGE family: I refer to Mr. BLIMMER, of Blimmersville. Mr. BLIMMER has a very snug officé, full of diagrams of Blimmersville. Indeed, the plots, sites, buildings, and accounts of that prospective town may be said to fill up the office. There is, among other charts, a beautiful lithograph of Blimmersville, very attractive, with a proposed church, and a proposed clergyman's cottage; both of them highly picturesque, and highly flattering to the proposed Christian feeling of the township—much more flattering, indeed, than such buildings are apt to be in earnest.

Numerous choice sites are indicated upon the maps by red lines. I may say that the red lines are very frequent; indeed, scarce any other kind of sites are at all designated. There are large ledgers in the office, with quite infrequent entries; and there is a small boy in the corner, very busy in making copies of circular letters. Mr. BLIMMER himself, with his heels upon the last year's stove, appears, at first glance, to be absorbed with the daily paper.

But Mr. BLIMMER is not absorbed with the daily paper. Mr. BLIMMER shifts his heels frequently upon the last year's stove. Mr. BLIMMER passes his hand in a disturbed manner through his hair. Mr. BLIMMER puts on his hat—takes off his hat. Something is disturbing Mr. BLIMMER. There is a paper in the safe of Mr. BLIMMER, which disturbs him; and that paper is the will of the late Mr. BODGERS. I should be doing injustice to the investigating spirit of Mr. BLIMMER, if I did not say that he had perused the paper alluded to with great care. He has found the name of KITTY FLEMING introduced in that paper after a most generous fashion; so generous, indeed, that he recalls the aspect of that young lady (whom, it will be remembered, he had encountered on a visit to the Misses FUDGE) very affably. Indeed, he has taken an early occasion to renew his calls in that quarter. He has entertained Misses JEMIMA and BRIDGET with the exceedingly voluble and vivid manner with which he has recounted the fearful accident, in which he had so near a concern. He has interested the tender KITTY by a pleasant narrative of the assiduous but unavailing efforts which he employed for the rescue of her uncle TRUMAN; and at sight of her white handkerchief and the tears, he

has kindly forborne; making a show, indeed, of a red silk handkerchief on his own part.

JEMIMA and BRIDGET have both remarked that Mr. BLIMMER has 'smarted up;' by which expression they make graceful allusion to a new black coat, and to very becoming plaids. (JEMIMA is fond of plaids, especially large patterns.) They remark that he talks less about Blimmersville than he did, and attribute it to modesty. They remark that he is kind to KITTY; which is very good of him. 'In the days of affliction,' said JEMIMA to Mr. BLIMMER, 'how pleasant are the visits of a friend!'

'Just so,' said Mr. BLIMMER, and saddled his right knee with his left leg in a caressing manner.

'How very apt!' thought JEMIMA; and she wondered, in her own mind, if Mr. BLIMMER would ever marry.

Now Mr. BLIMMER on these occasions, which were not infrequent, was revolving very much the same question himself; but not in the same fashion. The truth is, Mr. BLIMMER had allowed himself to form conjectures, from time to time, about the probable age of Miss KITTY; he had allowed himself to admit that four or five more years could hardly have diminished his interest in her; he regarded this as evidence of sincerity. He thought her pretty in black, and interesting, and had remarked as much to JEMIMA, who said she was 'a sweet little pink of a thing; and so young to have affliction!' And then JEMIMA cast her eyes to the ceiling.

Mr. BLIMMER continued the plaids, and the visits. And not only did he indulge freely in the conjectures I have named, but allowed himself to indulge in kindred conjectures respecting his own presumptive age. He might pass, he thought indulgently, for thirty-five. It is possible. Girls of nineteen frequently contract marriages with men of forty. These were sometimes, he had heard, marriages of inclination. He was rash enough to indulge this belief.

Thereupon, Mr. BLIMMER in his office, with his eye upon the cheerful diagrams, drew very delightful pictures of a large family-mansion with Corinthian columns and wide lawn, in the immediate neighborhood of Blimmersville, and overlooking the entire domain; commanding cheerful views of Blimmersville spire in the extreme distance, and a company of Blimmersville children pleasantly gambolling on the village-green, while a few Blimmer children might, he thought with a blush, be gambolling nearer home.

Now KITTY, like the good girl that she is, thinks that Mr. BLIMMER is very kind to call so often as he does, and to have helped, as he did upon the river, her poor uncle TRUMAN, and to neglect his great town of Blimmersville to talk with a young girl like herself. And this kindness she feels the more, because the elegant ADOLPHE has not latterly been so frequent in his visits, being busied indeed with quite other affairs. However, the mother—very lonely now at Newtown, and knowing little what may come of uncle TRUMAN's property, and fearing lest KITTY may stay too long in the city—bids her come back to the old home once more.

I need not say that this arrangement very much quickens the action and the plans of Mr. BLIMMER, whose reception by the Misses FUDGE is too grateful to be unimproved. He has a fancy too that pecuniary mo-

tives may have suggested this change to the poor mother in the country, and a generous impulse prompts him to sound matters with Miss JEMIMA.

It would be unwise and uncousinly in me, to attempt to portray the emotions of my poetic JEMIMA, when she learned that Mr. BLIMMER requested a private interview. Far be it from me to pry savagely into the recesses of a fond old girl's heart. I have said that she liked plaids; I have said that she wrote poetry; I have said that she has cast her eyes to the ceiling: it is enough.

Mr. BLIMMER *did* wear plaids; and — cruel man — a large pattern!

JEMIMA threw herself almost unconsciously into a *fauteuil*. I should do injustice to her appearance, if I did not say that she had 'pinked' very successfully. Mr. BLIMMER was embarrassed; so was JEMIMA.

Mr. BLIMMER alluded, as was his habit, to recent family afflictions.

JEMIMA 'strove to repress the rising sigh.'

Mr. BLIMMER compassionated them all — deeply, tenderly.

JEMIMA did not repress the sigh, and played hysterically with her handkerchief — bordered with thread-lace, and worked in the corner with a harp by Mademoiselle ENTRENOUS, and containing their joint initials, tied together with an embroidered love-knot.

Mr. BLIMMER thought the loss must be a fearful one to Miss KITTY. (He had usually spoken of her as simple KITTY.)

'The dear thing!' said JEMIMA, glancing at Mr. BLIMMER.

'And yet,' said Mr. BLIMMER, 'being as he was an old bachelor, he could n't be exactly the sort of thing — the sort of protector for KITTY.'

'Bachelors are devoid of proper feeling,' said JEMIMA, poetically.

'Ah, now, Miss JEMIMA, you *do n't* think that?'

And JEMIMA relents — with her eyes.

'She seems very much attached to you,' pursued BLIMMER, manfully.

'Ah, Mr. BLIMMER!' and JEMIMA's hand is placed upon her heart.

'Suppose now, Miss JEMIMA, we were to arrange a little plan for her to stay with you — between ourselves, as it were?'

'Ah, Mr. BLIMMER!' and the hand continues in the old position.

'Indeed, now, Miss JEMIMA, I feel an interest I can't well express.'

'Ah, Mr. BLIMMER, how can I—'

'You can command my purse for the necessary, Miss JEMIMA.'

'So kind, so generous, Mr. BLIMMER!' and JEMIMA is excited.

'Not a bit, Miss JEMIMA: I think we understand each other now?'

'This is so unexpected, Mr. BLIMMER.'

'Of course it is; never occurred to me till this morning; but you see I'm a stirring man, Miss JEMIMA — up to the mark.'

'Ah, yes, I feel — I know I can rely on you, Mr. BLIMMER.'

'To be sure. If it's an object, Miss JEMIMA, I would n't mind leaving, say twenty dollars in advance.'

The poetic JEMIMA, unconscious of figures, can only sigh, 'Indeed, indeed, Mr. BLIMMER, a true heart is not held by shackles of gold.'

'Just so, just so,' said Mr. BLIMMER. 'But KITTY will stay now: eh, Miss JEMIMA?'

'And so kind to the dear thing! How grateful she must be, Mr. BLIMMER; she *must* love you!'

'You really fancy so, Miss JEMIMA? And you think you could arrange for her stay?'

Miss JEMIMA fears 'not just now;' but she hopes, nay, she is quite sure, that after — after —

'Just so,' chimes in Mr. BLIMMER; 'and you think the friends won't object to the arrangement?'

'Friends, Mr. BLIMMER?'

'Mrs. SOLOMON and Mrs. FLEMING — think they 'll have nothing to say, Miss JEMIMA?'

'Fie, Mr. BLIMMER! and are you not the only friend — [getting warm] indeed — indeed, Mr. BLIMMER, the *only* friend whom I regard — whom I —'

'Just so — just so,' says Mr. BLIMMER, frightened with a new thought that flashes over him. And he rises somewhat confusedly — not, as JEMIMA, perhaps, fondly fancied, to impress a kiss upon those virgin lips, but to make a hurried plea about his pressing engagements at Blimmersville: 'A large sale is a-foot; business before pleasure; always my motto. We'll keep this little matter between ourselves, eh, Miss JEMIMA?'

'You are so droll, Mr. BLIMMER.'

And as Mr. BLIMMER escapes out of the door, whether it was the poetic atmosphere, or a certain perplexity that hung over him, he cannot forbear an alliterative play upon the words of Miss JEMIMA; to wit — 'D — d droll!'

He wickedly repeats it to himself, several times, on the way home. I cannot say that he regards with the same cheerful aspect as before, the diagrams of Blimmersville. The town looks uninteresting, even on paper. Mr. BLIMMER has started unexpected game. I have hinted already that, at some former period, he was said to have paid attentions to Miss JEMIMA. I also hinted that those attentions were discontinued: I need not say that he had looked upon the discontinuance as fixed. It is to be feared that Miss JEMIMA holds different views.

Under the awkward position of affairs, it seems to Mr. BLIMMER — as it would have seemed, I think, to most bachelors similarly situated — that there is need of prompt and decisive action. To a consideration of this action, he therefore addresses himself, with his usual energy. There is clearly no chance for further negotiation through the medium of Miss JEMIMA. Miss KITTY, if captured at all, must be carried by storm, and this before any story of a will shall have gone abroad.

There are various opinions in regard to bachelor action under similar circumstances; some recommending cautious approaches; and others, of more active temperament, preferring very swift and unexpected advances. In view of Mr. BLIMMER's age, and of cousin KITTY's unprotected state, I think that he decided wisely. A middle-aged spinster is usually open to a careful and laborious siege: with a school-girl, or lady in her teens, it is more doubtful. My own procedure with such a subject would be very prompt; all time given to consider, is lost time. Consideration is not flattering to one who decides by impulse.

My cousin KITTY, I am sure, was meantime very unsuspecting; and thought Mr. BLIMMER, as he came up with her again and again, on her afternoon strolls, very, very kind. I do not know but she came to regard his dress and bearing, after JEMIMA's frequent encomiums, as something altogether piquant and noticeable. I am sure that she was feeling very un-

protected and desolate; and in her heart was conscious of a secret impulse to love very much, without great questioning, whatever or whoever was kind to her.

Therefore, though not ordinarily of a terrific cast of character, Mr. BLIMMER is to be regarded, I think, at the present juncture, as a very dangerous man.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIRST.

A NEW ENEMY IN THE FIELD.

‘METHINKS I could be well content
To be mine own attorney in this case.’

HENRY VI.

Now, at the very time that Mr. BLIMMER was revolving dangerous projects in connection with Miss KITTY FLEMING, a new enemy was coming upon the field, in the person of Mr. QUID, senior.

I have hinted once or twice at this gentleman's interest in the FUDGE family, more especially such part of it as had maintained relations with the late Mr. BODGERS. Mr. QUID expressed himself with perhaps undue familiarity and cheerfulness, it will be remembered, in respect to the death of Mr. BODGERS.

Though long retired from business, (the business of SPINDLE and QUID,) he was still possessed of a business cast of mind, and of a keen eye for chances.

Mr. QUID did not often speak of his late wife; I may say, without venturing too much, that he did not often think of his late wife; he did not apparently take much pride in his late wife; he possessed no portrait of his late wife. Just now, however, he looked back to his conversations with his late wife, and to sundry letters of his late wife, with quite new interest—an interest that would have done honor to very many widowers of my acquaintance.

The truth is, Mr. QUID had married young—very young: and, like most very young men who commit themselves, had married fast, and repented in a slow way. Mr. QUID was at the time living a gay European life—very rapidly upon small means: a not uncommon way of living at the present day. He encountered a bewitching lady, living in quite a princely way at the watering-places, who was said to be of American parentage, and only French by education.

He reasoned, naturally enough for a young man, that, to be living in a princely way, she must be possessed of princely means. She reasoned, very naturally, that a young gentleman from America, living in such an easy way, must be possessed of very easy means. Thus reasoning, they naturally admired each other. And after admiring each other a reasonable time, they very naturally married. I have heard of very many European matches, equally reasonable and natural; and touched with a similar fallacy in the reasoning.

It is my opinion, that it is dangerous now-a-days to consider expenditure any gauge of property. A prudent and thrifty economy of means appears to me a sounder basis to hang one's trust upon, than even my aunt PRUEBE's claret-colored coach. I, however, imply nothing to the discredit of the mining-stocks in which my uncle SOLOMON is interested,

or of the banking-institution over which he presides, and which, on last quarter-day, borrowed a few thousands of a flush William-street house. I hope they are good and sound. It is quite possible that they may be. I only say that claret coaches are not, so to speak, property; and that Honiton-lace upon a lady's dress is no evidence in the world that her husband's paper is not *very* slow at ROBBINS'.

Mr. QUID having married badly, tried to make the best of it. Mrs. QUID having done the same thing, was also philosophic, until her patience gave out. This occurred shortly after the birth of ADOLPHUS, when she committed sundry indiscretions, for which she made the only atonement in her power, by dropping off, one summer's day in Paris, of a fever.

Mr. QUID learned upon investigation (apparently to his own satisfaction) that his wife was the daughter of a certain Madame GUERLIN, formerly Mrs. BODGERS, being widow to the elder brother of the deceased TRUMAN BODGERS, Esq.

I cannot say justly how he arrived at this conclusion; nor can I definitively say here how just that decision may be.

Supposing this to be true, there were certainly good and sufficient reasons why Mr. QUID should keep this information very much in the dark, during the life-time of the late Mr. BODGERS. I have hinted that this last gentleman had had business-dealings at certain times with the banking-house of SPINDLE and QUID. They were not, however, such, in their tone or in their results, as would warrant a retired and decayed partner of that eminent firm in boasting kinship with Mr. BODGERS, in the hope of securing a bequest. If the hope had been entertained, it would most certainly have proved illusory.

Now, however, when the old gentleman was well out of the way, it might be worth while to examine the ground cautiously; to ascertain, first, if Mr. BODGERS *did* make any will; and in the event of his not having done so, to bring forward, in a cautious and effective manner, the heirship of ADOLPHUS; and thus realize, at a late day, some pecuniary return for a slip of youthful indiscretion.

The visit of the younger QUID to Newtown has already been alluded to. It was by no means so satisfactory as had been hoped by both father and son. My uncle SOLOMON was kind and patronizing to ADOLPHUS; believing that he saw in him only an anxious suitor for the hand of his rural niece, KITTY FLEMING. It is needless to say that ADOLPHUS gave Mr. SOLOMON FUDGE no intimation to the contrary.

Squire BRIVINS was, in his rustic way, very urbane. In virtue of his dignity as justice of the peace, he was enabled to sanction, and even to assist, a very extended over-hauling of the old cabinet, which held place in the snug parlor of the BODGERS mansion. Not a trace, however, could be found of any papers directing the partition of the old gentleman's estate.

My uncle SOLOMON, who at best had hoped for no more of the BODGERS' property than Mrs. FUDGE could lay claim to as heir-at-law, was extremely satisfied with this position of affairs. He regaled himself pleasantly with the thought of making good some sad lapses in his spe-

culative movements, with PHÆBE's portion of the old property. He even volunteered a few hard jokes with the sharp-nosed justice of the peace. He farther volunteered, in the rally of his spirits, to ask ADOLPHUS into the 'old lady's' house; meaning thereby a playful allusion to his respectable sister-in-law, Mrs. FLEMING.

Mrs. FLEMING, as I said, had dusted her little parlor, and possessed just that amount of country innocence which made her quite awe-struck in the presence of the stately SOLOMON and the very elegant young gentleman, whom she felt quite sure her sister KITTY had captivated. In the guilelessness of her manner, I will not say but that she dropped a hint or two bearing that construction, very much to the amusement of my uncle SOLOMON, and somewhat to the confusion of our young adventurer.

I have represented Squire BIVINS as a cautious man: he is a cautious man. Notwithstanding the provocation extended by the somewhat stately manner of Mr. SOLOMON FUDGE, he had dropped no hint in respect to the will drawn up by himself on a recent occasion; and in which will, it may be remarked, there was very slight mention of either Aunt PHÆBE or family. The drafting of this will, notwithstanding its lack of signature, so far as Squire BIVINS was aware, was certainly an awkward fact to communicate to Mr. FUDGE; but not so (in view of QUID's prospective relations to the FLEMINGS) to the younger party.

Squire BIVINS, in his little office by the meeting-house corner, revolved the matter; regaling himself, in his usual manner, over the office-stove and the apple parings. He determined to dispatch a small note after Mr. QUID, requesting to see him a few moments, in relation to the unfinished business of the morning. Mr. QUID, though thoroughly satisfied with the investigation in company with Mr. FUDGE, renewed his call upon the wiry justice of the peace.

The Squire offered a chair, and patted his wig caressingly.

'There do n't seem to be any will,' said the justice, looking up from under his spectacles.

'It seems not,' said QUID, very cheerfully.

Squire BIVINS winked at ADOLPHUS, which Mr. QUID not understanding, regarded him very attentively.

'Supposing, young man, that the Squire, who was a *keerful* man, had made a will: what then?'

'Then he would,' returned Mr. QUID, in a very natural manner.

'Very true, young man; but to what one of his kinsfolk do you suppose he would have given his property?'

'I really can't say,' returned Mr. QUID: 'I never had the pleasure of Mr. BODGERS' acquaintance.'

'Oh, ay; very likely.' And Squire BIVINS determined to try his client upon a new tack.

'Young man,' commenced he, again giving his pantaloons his usual toilet-hitch in a downward direction; 'young man, Squire BODGERS *did* make a will.'

QUID's countenance fell, and his color went strangely. 'You know it, Mr. BIVINS?' said he, falteringly.

'I know it, Mr. QUID.'

And Mr. BIVINS, with a complacent look, took a small chew of tobacco; first offering the twist to the pallid Mr. QUID, who, it is needless to say, declined.

Squire BIVINS waited.

Mr. QUID took another small bill from his pocket — 'foreseeing,' as he expressed himself, 'that he should have occasion to consult Mr. BIVINS at some length' — and tendered it to the justice.

Mr. BIVINS smoothed the bill upon the table, without specially seeming to regard its amount, and placed upon it the tobacco-twist before mentioned.

'A will,' said Mr. BIVINS, taking up the subject gracefully where he had left it, 'a will which I had the honor of drawing up myself upon this very table; a will, Mr. QUID, by which he bequeathed the bulk of his large property, tan-works included, to Miss KITTY FLEMING.'

Squire BIVINS had, for once, mistaken his man; he had fully expected to see a gleam of rapture spread over the face of Mr. QUID at such an announcement. On the contrary, he saw even greater pallor than before.

A later communication, however, produced a much happier effect; Mr. BODGERS had not signed the will; indeed, so far as he knew, it was no will at all. He knew nothing of its whereabouts. It had very probably been destroyed.

'Yet, to tell truth,' said Mr. BIVINS, 'the Squire was not a man to draw up papers for the sake of burning 'em. A keeferful man was the Squire.'

And with this much of information only, Mr. QUID takes leave of Mr. BIVINS, leaving, however, his address, with a request to forward at once any new information which may come to light, either respecting the draft alluded to, or any subsequent instrument.

The QUID chances have certainly a very favorable aspect; somewhat dampened, however, by the fact, which presently comes to the knowledge of both father and son, that a certain Mr. BLIMMER, who was in company with Mr. BODGERS at the time of his death, 'had intrusted to him commissions of *considerable importance* by the deceased gentleman.'

This fact is derived from a careless editorial mention in the *Daily Beacon*, within a few days after the occurrence of the accident. It did not appear that any such notice had been given under the name or direct authority of Mr. BLIMMER. To this Mr. BLIMMER, however, Mr. QUID determined to address himself without delay; and we shall renew our acquaintance with both senior and junior QUID in the office already described as being cheerfully illustrated by the Blimmerville diagrams and lithographs, with the Blimmersville church in the extreme distance.

Meantime, my good cousin KITTY, altogether ignorant of those plans and counter-plans in which she bears so large and so unconscious a part, counts the days which tie her still to the pleasant life of the city; and dreams each night of those pleasanter days which will open upon her under her own mother's home, and amid the fragrance of the old roses which crowned her childhood with their bloom.

S Y M P A T H Y .

'Dicere solatia.'

OVID.

'CONTEMPLATE,

With lively joy the joys we cannot share.'

COLERIDGE.

BLACK-EYED or blue-eyed, brightly brown or fair,
 With gentle mien, sweet voice, and wavy hair,
 I see the children on the parlor-floor,
 Or grouped like flowers around the garden-door.
 I hear their merry talk, and see their play,
 And backward look to many a happy day,
 When on my hearth I saw the genial light
 Of joy domestic, ere the saddening night
 Of sorrowful bereavement veiled my sun,
 As all my darlings vanished one by one.

First went my WILLIE; pleasant, playful, yet
 Full of grave thoughts; my play-thing and my pet,
 But oftener my companion, when my mind
 To turn to themes supernal was inclined.
 Then his deep questionings of heavenly things —
 Heaven nearer now his tender memory brings —
 Would make me draw him closer to my heart;
 For though 't was sweet to hear him, I would start
 To see his eye, beaming with inward light,
 Seemed turned from me to things beyond my sight;
 And all I'd heard, and all I'd thought and felt
 Of childhood early wise, my heart would melt;
 And that which made him dearest, made me fear
 That from my boy the parting-hour was near.

Then joyous CHARLIE, bright-eyed, bounding boy,
 Than WILLIE elder, gave me gayer joy.
 My heart delighted in his sprightly plays:
 His works inventive, his engaging ways,
 Gave me the promise of a noble man,
 Able to execute as wise to plan;
 Genial and friendly, making friends of all;
 Quick-eared to answer every worthy call;
 Blending through life the useful and the sweet;
 Equal to any fate, for all things meet;
 In the best sense, a fortunate, a brave,
 Companionable man. A small green grave
 Now holds the form that gladdened so my sight!
 I turn from that to see in faith's pure light
 His living form; I think of nobler spheres
 For such an active life, and dry my tears.

Sweet little MARY, fairy CAROLINE —
 I seem to see them now their arms entwine
 Around each other lovingly, and hear
 Their prattling voices, once to me so dear.
 But as their good young brothers, so went they,
 And we were left alone. The lonely day,
 The silent house, (missing the ministries
 By which she made each sick child, in her eyes,
 Dearer than when it was her joy to see
 Its healthful play, and tell its life to me,
 When twilight bliss curtailed the blinding day,
 And in our home the world seemed far away,)
 Bore the sad mother down — alas for me! —
 Doomed from that hour a shadowed hearth to see.

Alas for me? Yes, for a man must feel
 Such partings; and it is not mine to steel
 My heart against the sorrows of my lot:
 My HEAVENLY COMFORTER forbids me not
 To feel my griefs. I cannot cast away
 The memory of what has been, though this day
 Is bright with confidence of what shall be
 When their dear home shall spread its gates for me.

Then, when I see the children on your floor,
 And hear them prattle round your garden-door,
 I'll give you joy; and when the angels call
 For you to give them up — or one, or all —
 When the glad eye is dark, the prattle mute,
 I'll tell my tale; and 'like a lonely flute,'
 Or 'like all instruments' of soothing power,
 My humble voice shall be in that still hour.
 I'll weep with you; and often silent keep,
 While you in speechless sorrow can but weep:
 And when the power to hear and speak is given,
 We'll talk together of our loved in heaven.

Bridgewater, Mass., July 7, 1853.

A DISCOURSE ON DOOR-KNOCKERS.

WITH AN ANTIQUARY'S ACCOUNT OF THE INTRODUCTION OF DOORS.

AMID the shiftings and annihilations of revolution, political and economical, whether issuing from Gallic illuminist or Scotch inventor, the desuetude of whilom familiar objects, insignificant in themselves, but around which cluster our pleasant memories, occasions a pensive regret, which your men on stilts, with much conceit of self-importance, contemptuously regard as trivial, but which really results from a disturbance of the harmony of the series (contributing so much of human happiness) of *inanimate attachments*. They constitute the scenery which marks the progress of this life-drama, and fixes in our remembrance its successions of action. As intimately associated with the rudest household utensil may be the being, the thought, the pleasure, and the pain of our retrospect, as is the moss with the rock, or the tendril with the twig. The cradle, scarred and rickety, bestowed in an obscure corner of the cheerless garret, troops upon us the hilarious sports, the solemn mimicries, the joys and spites of the nursery. How vividly in after life do our first razor and shaving-brush (cherish them, O ye men of whiskers!) recall the flush of conscious expansion, the unutterable complacency with which we surveyed the dawning of hirsute promise! What a glowing picture may be summoned by the contents of an old work-box! The cheerful fire-side, the animatingly-lighted room, the heart-gushing vivacity of kindly converse, the venerated features impressed with benevolence, the busy fingers that have long since ceased to ply the polished needle.

If this age have any aim and purpose, it is the obliteration of attachments. *Custom* is a word of the past; *change* is one of the present. The revolutionist, from hatred of hoary error, becomes averse from all

that tends to conservation. Visible symbols of the past, if permitted to continue, grapple unto themselves the hearts of men, and render them repugnant to change. Thus obviously such symbols must be assaulted and destroyed. So (out upon your anticipating incredulity, Sir! could cause and effect be more plain?) Radicalism has deposed the knocker from its ancient dignity, while the pert minx Utility has stood by and approved the sacrifice. Nor can we clearly see the end; for if knockers have succumbed to the fierce assaults that have shaken the Houses of Hapsburg and Hohenzollern, who shall say but that, under the flood of effulgence vouchsafed to a benighted world by a snuffy old gentleman in a Parisian attic, property shall not cease to be exclusive, and doors go out with the dynasties?

And here we would episodically observe, that it is the good old stock of knockers, door-knockers, standing boldly out from painted panelling of oak or maple, as if challenging scrutiny and defying suspicion, that we alone recognize or regard. We are the more impelled to this declaration, as a spurious set of knockers has recently made a great deal of noise in the world, perplexing respectable anility with paroxysms of wonder. We therefore unequivocally assert of our own knowledge and belief, that no relationship exists between our knockers and the Rochester knockers; and farther, that after diligent inquiry, we find no evidence to sustain a supposition that the latter is even a distant branch of the genuine knocker family; the testimony of certain astute editors, and other marvel-loving puzzle-pates, to the contrary notwithstanding.

We hold it to be a peculiar privilege in a world of man-traps and calculation, to be able to enjoy memories of our primal golden time, ere selfishness had benumbed the heart, leaving it sensitive only to suspicion. As our affections callous, our tastes vitiate, thank God for the compensating reserve in the early relish which never forsakes us! We turn from the insipidity of newer draughts, to grope for the better vintage among the cellars of the past.

Burnished old friends, how flit your images before us as we write! how cheerfully sounds your rat-a-tat to the charmed ear! how you transport us to the teeming past, that first boy-life of longing, and imagining, and impression; of Crusoe, and Quarles, and the Pilgrim's Progress! What various emotions did ye summon! how ye harbingered joy, and dread, and sorrow; the radiant visage beloved; the sombre suit, the portentous watch-seals, that never jingled in their inflexibility, but depended apart, stiffly uncompromising; the solemnly-creaking boots, the awful countenance of the family-doctor! How welcome did ye invade our solitude! how you threatened us in moments of depression!

Hark! some one at the door; a knock timid and unaccustomed, as — 'should there be a mistake?' — and knocking is a momentous matter, not to be lightly undertaken. The inquirers are satisfactorily answered, and ushered in. They are our country-cousins; bouncing and buxom girls, with a glow mantling each good-natured phiz,

'Like noon upon the mellow apricot.'

With what hearty, genial earnestness do they pass their salutations; no rigid conventionality or formal ceremony here! How relieved they

profess themselves by being right at last! Such a hunt before they found us! such abrupt negatives and surly repulses they had encountered, that they had grown quite frightened, and even at the last were in great doubt whether it was not the 'wrong house,' and they should suffer another ignominious rejection. As we listen to their voices, untamely musical, we are carried back to the long, hot, dreamy days of the last summer vacation; we hear the tink-a-link of the whet-stone upon the scythe; we recline beneath some wide-spreading forest tree, in delicious reverie, gazing languidly at its fluctuating shadow cast upon the mirror of the mill-pond; we are out along the fence-rows picking the ripened berries, or chastising the temerity of disturbed and irate humble-bees, valiantly beating them back with bushes to their nest-citadel, which at last we take by storm. Then what capital swimming in the pond! A little snaky, to be sure, but what of that? Our first voyaging, too, upon the rudely-extemporized raft, when, unlike the early navigators, we scorn to hug the shore, but push boldly out, as bucanierish a set of runagate young dare-devils as you would wish to see: aye! boldly out, far beyond those old stumps, where our piscatory ventures are crowned with store of plump and dozy cat-fish. With the morn we behold the bright, warm sunshine flung forth to envelope refreshed nature, robbing with its fervent, glowing kisses, its beloved earth of the dew-tribute of unimpassioned night: we frolic away the closing day below the darkening boughs of sycamore and locust, upon the lawn where the fire-fly lights its lamp, to the hum of insects, the lowing of the herd, and the distant bark of the swamp-fox.

Rat-ta-ta-tat! An irritable knock; it betokeneth choler, and suggesteth the very opposite of benediction. We hear accents high-pitched, struggling between the constrained saave and the spiteful, a blunt 'no,' a wrathful slam of the door, and an impatient muttering through the hall. 'Who was it, Jane?' 'Only an inquirer, Sir.' What infinity of slight, what lack of regard in that *only*! Beggars may be considered with compassionate contempt, inquirers should be sure of angry disdain. From the toss of the head, the snappish response, the look of indignant surprise at your assurance, learn, O perplexed wanderers, that ye are in little esteem; learn, and be humble! 'Pullet? where does Mr. Pullet live?' 'How can we tell? We haven't the honor of Pullet's acquaintance. We don't *know* Pullet. This is n't an intelligence office, Sir, — (subdued but emphatic) the deuce take Pullet, and all who seek him.' Ye are the evil genii of servants. Ah! it is a heavy blow to one's dignity to be bluffed and flouted on a door-step — the top step too — in the very face of a crowded thoroughfare. Your self-importance at one bound reaches its zero. But if you are politic, you will brazen it out. Adjust your hat, draw on a glove, assume an unconcerned look, as you would say, 'I live here, and am just out for the day;' and, friend, should you have a tooth-pick about you, by all means bring it into conspicuous requisition; for it is pleasantly suggestive of the matutinal chop, or juicy joints, and artistically prepared entremets, and instead of a sarcastic smile, you excite a gratifying envy.

The knock subdued and suppliant, an eleemosynary knock. We hear a petition monotonously drawled, 'No work, a baby, six small children,

and a sick husband.' Humanity impels us to the door. There is a pervading smell of strong water illative of inferior gin; but consider the afflictions; the poor creature has doubtless taken the merest drop to assuage her pangs. So much of squalid misery affects us: the baby cries; we are overcome. Our emotion has shaped itself into a trickling tear. With one hand we blow our nose violently, with the other we plunge into the recesses of our breeches-pocket, and seize upon a coin; when comes upon the ear a harsh and startling shriek from over the way. It issueth from a woman in tattered habiliments, and of truculent aspect. 'You Moll, stop a pinchin' of that ere babby: don't you see the gentlim's a-going to give without your making of him black-an-blue. I won't lend him to you agin, drat you.' We discern all: the woman is an impostor! Our fingers release the coin, and fasten spasmodically upon a bunch of keys; the pathos in our nature has been played with; we have been deceived; as in Christian duty we fill with resentment to the very gorge, incline to hand the baggage into custody, but content ourselves with a withering look of indignation, and slam the door.

Another interesting class of alms-cravers is the shipwrecked foreigners. They proffer you, as authentication of calamity, thumbed and greasy papers, where, in uniformly fair chirography, are dolorously set forth the particulars of the mishap. It occurred on the Barbary Coast, or on a voyage from Lisbon to the Azores, off Bourbon or Bengal, or by the foundering of a xebec in the Mediterranean; all of which is duly subscribed and substantiated by some oil-merchant of Algiers, or fruiterer of Marseilles, or other equally unimpeachable and accessible party. All this you gather from the appended translation. Two facts in connection with these people are very curious. No matter in what part of the world their misfortune may have overtaken them, they are sure to be stranded upon the shores of America; suggesting some peculiarity of currents not hitherto observed, to which we would respectfully direct the attention of Lieutenant Maury; and such a rooted repugnance of water has been occasioned by the marine disaster, that it is abhorrently avoided, ever after, in all its shapes. There, too, is the dumb man; — the man with a chronic affection of the eyes, compelled to goggles; — and a long, limp fellow, with an 'internal weakness,' (also chronic,) which would seem to have been the subject of much medical speculation, and to have sorely perplexed the Faculty. These are shrewdly suspected by housekeepers to be 'impostors,' and subjected to rigid examinations; this suspicion, by the bye, being too often cited as apology for a refusal of aid where there is real distress. To cloak the same lack of humanity, is the doctrine of the inexpedience of segregative relief, urged by certain political economists who glory in a complete divorce of head and heart. There are recipients enough, God knows, for all the beneficence, individual and associated, of the world!

A perfect shower of knocks — quickly consecutive! Is the store a-fire? some friend mortally sick? What upon earth can it mean? How it has started your pulses! how your good aunt has in the flurry dropped a stitch in her knitting, and declared to 'quite a turn.' It has even impelled the deliberate old servitor — for whom 'wheels' have been recommended, in a family joke, time out of mind — to accelerated movement. It is a

run-away knock; the practical pleasantry of some mischief-loving young dog; or, mayhap, the lark of a medical student. It may be, there is left a portal profanation in the shape of a defunct rat, or a kitten cut off untimely from the trials and temptations of cat-dom. The advent of Hallowe-eve, season of spells and charms, the boys never failed to announce by energetic applications at the street-doors. They plied with earnest enjoyment of the sport.

The knock assured, as of one having authority;—such as beseemeth the dignified irrevocability of taxes, the presence of the collector of which it proclaims. He is an austere man, of portly front and pimply countenance, calling all manner of persons by their direct names, for he holdeth all alike accountable for assessment. He is of few words; his questions are direct, his answers curt, for he staggers under a weight of property, and hath no time to fritter in explanation. Most abhorred of his class was that licensed Ishmaelite, the collector of militia fines. Well do we recollect his Bardolphian nose and impudent swagger. His periodic appearance never failed to occasion a wrathful outburst. So repulsively represented was he, that in our youthful horror we could never dissociate him from the giant that troubled Christian, or that amiable Titan who went about regaling himself upon the blood of unfortunate Englishmen.

The postman's was a cheery, hurried summons. Perhaps it was a letter from an uncle (yes! we knew it by the mark) resident in northern Ohio, to which section he had been a pioneer. Its transit had occupied a fortnight, and it was a great thing, then, to be connected by so brief an interval with an absent relative. The locomotive had not yet spluttered into the heart of the forest, or the iron nerves of the telegraph reticulated half of the continent. Once, came an epistle from an old family connection, not heard of for many years. He had buried himself in a mountain county of Virginia, where, in isolation, he had accumulated much substance. His reappearance upon the stage was a great event in our little domestic world, starting floods of reminiscent recital from the lips of 'narrative old age.'

Frankness went out with door-knockers. You may ring the bell, (that sneak of an innovation, that wags its tongue beneath some cobwebby angle of the kitchen ceiling,) and the neighborhood be none the wiser: the very act is covert and cowardly. How different from the spreading resonance that waked the drowsy echoes of the street; the fearless conspicuity, so congenial to rectitude, incident to the ancient manner of soliciting ingress! The world, in its vicious decrepitude, grows wary; forsakes the open highway, to skulk blind alleys and tortuous lanes; gliding in and out of its habitations stealthily. It eschews the rough clatter of intrepid integrity, and moves on its way felt-shod.

In all ages, important orders of men have passed away with the old faith, or succumbed to the altered custom. The Vehmic Tribunal lives only in bloody and barbarous annals. At Malta, the British soldier drinks his beer, supremely indifferent of the vestiges of knightly dominion that surround him, or turns out his toes at morning drill in an arena once devoted to the joust of the tournament. The Jesuit, in one generation potential and dreaded, in another is prosecuted as a felon or pursued as a fugitive. So when the glory of Knock-dom departed, the brotherhood

of brickdust venders expired with its glow. A cry was hushed; it was no longer

— 'NICE and fine,
Fresh from Brandywine.'

The capricious abandonment of 'andirons had stricken it a heavy blow; rotten-stone had pushed it from its familiar places; its last prop was prostrated, and it fell! Thenceforth there was a lateritious ellipsis in the commerce of the world.

While in pensive humor we trace these regrets and recollections, seems to hover near us the blessed shade of our ancient neighbor, Mrs. Larkens, the standing terror of our street. She was an active, bony lady, of sixty or thereabout, with a vigilant and fiery eye, and a vinegar aspect. In the good old colony times of Massachusetts, she would indubitably have been strangled as a witch; but her lot being cast in degenerate days, she was merely dreaded as a gossip. She was relict of Captain Larkens, mariner, who had died of a fever many years before; and the story ran, that in utter desperation he had refused a potion, when assured by the doctor it might save his life, preferring the embrace of the grim Azrael to connubial beatitude with his grizzly consort. Be that as it might, all connection between Larkens and the living world had been long dissolved, and his widow in the enjoyment of a respectable income. She inhabited a squab and dingy house of Dutch brick, with two companions; a frowzy serving-wench, and a low-spirited grimalkin, the life of which was a perpetual illustration of upon what surprisingly spare diet can be supported the animal frame. Her post of espial was a favorite front-window, which she seldom deserted; and where, between the interstices of a faded Venitian blind, could be discerned, during all hours of daylight, a vision of stiff starched bobbinnet darting about with unremitting animation. Was there a moving? She could furnish you an inventory of the chattels, and 'always thought the Briggs's parlors showed too well, for them to have much in their chambers; and could n't for the life of her see how Jones, with the business he did, could afford his daughter a piano.' Was there a funeral? She could tell you the precise number of carriages, and 'how Slivers did n't seem to take on very hard at the loss of his wife;' and predicted forthwith that he (brute that he was, that Slivers!) would, before six moons had spent their light, be married to some 'pert young hussy.' With what accuracy and expedition did she analyse the contents of a market-basket! She knew all the medical men in town, and was not chary in expressing her opinion of their merits. Ever could she tell whom the bleeder opposite was going to leech, and whom he was going to cup. She had acquainted herself with the private histories of the beaux, and published to a day when 'the event' was coming off. Affecting the clergy, she was alert, from surpassing zeal for the purity of Christian morals, to discover discrepancies between their preaching and practice. She was delighted alike by a lying-in and a laying-out; was equally edified by the details of a marriage and the particulars of an execution. Every knock smote upon her tympanum a summons for attention. Fulfilling literally the injunction, 'watch,' she prayed for no better god-send than a mysterious visitant. The sound of brass stirred her, as never did

the voice of the trumpet the high-mettled charger. But there came an evil time. The bell-hanger went abroad; and, one by one, fell each polished periphery. She had nothing to live for now. The sacrilegious hand had been laid in the very sanctuary of her joys. She took to her bed, languished a little while, then left without reluctance a fickle world; having made a will, in which she bequeathed the emaciated cat to the tender mercy of an expectant relative, and the entirety of her remaining property to an hospital for the deaf.

Knockers were promotive of tidiness; their condition was indicative of the character of the housewifery within. If the lion's face was dusky, or besmirched the pinions of the aspiring phoenix, was mutely proclaimed the presiding female of that house a slattern. Hence, a daily scouring was considered as essential as to a Mussulman is his daily praying. Goodwife emulated goodwife in the race of cleanliness; and we well recollect hearing urged as a decisive reason for doubting the respectability of a neighboring family, the fact that 'they never scoured their knocker.' This now obsolete operation demands, and is certainly worthy of, the lyrical muse. *Badinage?* By no means, Sir! Have we not had the 'Casting of the Bell?' and where is the temerity to deny knockers to be more ancient and more honorable?*

In conclusion, we may be permitted to speculate for a moment upon the introduction of doors. They are evidently of great antiquity, but were probably unknown to Adam, since there is every reason to suppose the garden of Eden was without doors. The early patriarchs were nomadic, with several centuries of tent-life each, similar to that of the Bedouins and California miners; which (with reverence be it spoken) must have been particularly disagreeable, especially during the rainy seasons. The lower orders were troglodyte. The idea of a door in all its pristine magnificence had not yet burst upon an astonished world. 'It was reserved,' says our learned antiquarian friend, Doctor Rustumarmor,† now placidly smoking his pipe beside us—who picked up the information Heaven knows where—'it was reserved for the ancient Persians to discover this now indispensable architectural constituent. An Elamite chieftain first hit upon the lucky thought. He flourished some centuries before Chedorlaomer, and inhabited with his retainers a strong-hold, which was a space circumscribed by a lofty dead-wall. Ingress and egress were then accomplished—as subsequently by Robinson Crusoe—by means of a moveable ladder. At night, and on suspicious occasions, this was drawn up and taken in. This worthy descendant of Shem was notoriously fond of good living, which in the course of a pretty long period of assimilation had resolved itself into an enormous obesity: in brief, he became the Daniel Lambert of his time. He grew short-winded, the ladder ascent more and more difficult, and at length

* Did not BUTLER's saints

'Prove their doctrine orthodox,
By apostolic blows and knocks?'

indicating much shrewdness in the saints, as well as the antiquity of knockers.

† Our friend the Doctor, you must know, is no musty, dingy, parchment-dried old fumbler, but one given to moods of sobered pleasantry, although a confirmed antiquary, and therefore occasionally a bore.

impossible. He ceased to attempt it. Here was a pretty fix for a choleric old gentleman in authority! He gave himself up to reflection, got moody and fretful, but nothing came of it; it affected not his appetite or digestion, and he waxed fatter still. A close prisoner in his own house, too heavy to carry up stairs, and blocks and tackle not yet invented! There were no Peace Congresses in those days; and it fell out that a neighboring king in a small way, who had an old grudge to settle, collected his subjects and paid him one morning an unexpected visit. It was not yet breakfast-time, and no body was astir but the cook, who in his perturbation dropped half a kid he was turning up on the glowing embers, and with great ado aroused the garrison. We have not enough of the gravity of the historian to presume to describe the siege and the assault: suffice to say, besiegers and besieged conducted themselves heroically, and that individual prodigies of valor were performed, deserving of honorable mention. It was just when the assailants had nearly succeeded in effecting a practicable breach, that the defenders, prompted by the suggestion of their governor, (who was driven to desperation, having no quarter to expect, as it was some ladies' scrape that had brought this trouble upon him,) as a *dernier resort*, plunged upon them from the battlements a quantity of hot water the cook had been assiduously preparing. They retired in confusion, and finally decamped. The next day was prosecuted a general survey of the damage. A lithe, lank fellow was set at probing the breach. Some inexplicable fancy seized him, and he attempted to crawl through it. He stuck in the orifice, and in the efforts to extricate him, which were none of the gentlest, as few sympathize with such misfortune, came clattering down a quantity of rubbish, greatly enlarging it. A person could pass through with ease. But it was observed, (such is the force of habit,) that it never occurred to those once in that they could get out by the same way. Our Elamite was a sagacious man, with a good deal of originality, considering the world was then so young. 'I have it!' he exclaimed: 'I will make just such another hole, and then hurrah for freedom!' He gave an immediate order to that effect, congratulated himself upon his fertility of invention, and directed a great feast to be prepared. Gradually, however, the possibility of using the opening already effected dawned upon his mind, and so came about the FIRST DOOR-WAY. The door was an after-suggestion, as necessary to exclude wind and storm; and as it was made of a dry stretched cow-skin, effective as a screen, it becomes a matter of grave philological speculation whether here may not be discovered the origin of the verb 'to hide.' It may be well to add, that as it was now necessary to adopt some plan by which the entrance might be secured from surprise, was forthwith introduced the ditch and draw-bridge, the latter a very rude affair indeed.'

Lolling upon the sofa, we listened perforce to the erudite doctor as he fire-worshipped with Nimrod, revelled with Sardanapalus, and conquered with Esarhaddon. At length he digressed upon mummies, and we irreverently fell asleep. We indistinctly recollect his urging the impropriety of that defunct Egyptian recently rolled out of the cerement of centuries by a celebrated lecturer, and pronounced by him to be the maiden relative of a high-priest, turning out an unmistakable male, and imputing it to a share of that national obstinacy so historically notorious,

which had not evaporated during twenty-five hundred years of the catacomb. When we awakened, we were seized with a suspicion that what had been written was very dull; and lest reflection should confirm it into a conclusion, we determined promptly to close, and transmit the paper.

San Francisco.

YADESSAC.

A S O L D I E R ' S T A L E O F L O V E .

BY JAMES GILBORNE LYONS.

I.

THE wild-rose laughed in its early bloom;
The blossom hung on the brier and broom;
And the breeze came stealing a rich perfume
From the thyme and the purple clover;
The clear moon looked on the grassy dell;
The field was hushed, and the fresh dew fell,
When I bade young EDITH a last farewell,
Whom I loved in the days which are over.

II.

We sat by the cottage far down in the vale,
And we talked of the morrow with sighing and wail—
The morrow, which called me from fair Innisfail,
And the skies which bend weeping above her.
Sweet daughter of Erin! I see thee yet;
Thy brow was pale, and thy cheek was wet:
Long years have fled, but I never forget
That grief of the days which are over.

III.

Time passed: I was warring with ball and brand
Where WELLESLEY led in the Spaniard's land;
And I seemed, when armed with the soldier-band,
A stern and a careless rover;
But often, chilled on the midnight-watch,
I thought of the roof, and the flowery thatch,
The speaking smile, and the lifted latch,
That I loved in the days which are over.

IV.

When the foe-man fell, and the volleyed roar
Of his battle-thunder was heard no more,
I trod rejoicing on Ulster's shore,
With the pride of a victor-lover.
I sought her dwelling: the flowers were strown;
Her gray sire wept at his hearth alone:
She was sleeping under the church-yard stone,
Whom I loved in the days which are over.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

THE AUSTRALIAN CRUSOES: or the Adventures of an English Settler and his Family in the Wilds of Australia. By CHARLES CROWCROFT, Esq., a Resident Magistrate. With Illustrations. In one volume: pp. 512. Philadelphia: WILLIS P. HAZARD.

WE are not surprised to see 'From the Sixth London Edition' on the title-page of the American edition of this book. It is not remarkable, perhaps, that this should be the case, at a period when there is so much excitement in relation to the gold mines of Australia, and when so many thousands are pressing toward that land of promise: but we fancy the style and material of the book itself have had much to do in creating its sudden and continued popularity. Its simplicity and directness of narrative is a prominent charm throughout. The work, as we gather from the brief preface, was prepared 'with a view of describing the process of settling in a new country; of the precautions to be taken; of the foresight to be exercised; of the early difficulties to be overcome, and'—what will be an incentive to scores of thousands more to visit Australia—'of the *sure reward* which awaits the prudent and industrious colonist. The first tale presented is the journal of a settler, detailing, in his own homely language, the actual progress, day by day, from the beginning, of the establishment of a colonist's farm. Of this, as well as of the other portions of the volume, the editor says, that 'he can testify to the accuracy of the descriptions, from his personal experience as a resident magistrate in the colony.' Of many pencilled passages, we can afford room only for the following description of a chase and fight with a kangaroo:

'After we had rested a little while, we went on again, the dogs following us as at first. We saw plenty of brush kangaroos, but we would not touch them. After we had got a mile or two, the stock-keeper, who had been examining the ground all the way along, said: 'I think there are some big ones hereabouts, by the look of the marks;' so he said to the dogs: 'Go find,' as he had said before. Almost directly, we saw such a large fellow—I'm sure he was six feet high: he looked at us and at the dogs for a moment, and then off he went. My gracious! what hops he did give! he hopped with his two hind-legs, with his fore-legs in the air, and his tail straight out behind him—and wasn't it a tail!—it was as thick as a bed-post! and this great tail went wag, wag, up and down, as he jumped, and seemed to balance him behind. But HEC-TOR and FLY were after him. This time the stock-keeper ran too, for the ground was level and clear of fallen timber, and you could see a good way before you. I had begun to feel a little tired, but I did n't feel tired then. Hop, hop went the kangaroo, and the dogs after him, and we after the dogs; and we scampered on till I was quite out of breath; and the kangaroo was a good bit before the dogs, when he turned up a hill.

'Now we shall have him,' said the stock-keeper; 'the dogs will beat him up-hill.'

'I wanted my breath, but I kept up, and we scrambled up the hill, and I thought the dogs would get him; but the kangaroo got to the top of the hill first, and when we got a sight of him, he was bounding down the hill, making such prodigious leaps at every jump, over every thing, that you could n't believe it, if you did n't see it. The dogs had no chance with him down-hill.

'It's of no use,' said the stock-keeper, 'for us to try to keep up with him; we may

as well stay here. He'll lead the dogs a pretty chase, will that fellow; he's a Boomah, and one of the biggest rascals I ever saw.'

'So we sat down at the top of the hill, under a gum-tree, and there we sat a long time, I don't know how long, until we saw HECTOR coming up. The stock-keeper looked at his mouth.

'He has killed,' said he; 'but he has got a little scratched in the tussle, and so has FLX. That big chap was almost too much for two dogs.' Then he said: 'Go, show!' and HECTOR and FLX trotted along straight to where the kangaroo lay, without turning to the right or left, but going over every thing, just as if they knew the road quite well. We came to a hollow, and there we saw the kangaroo lying dead. Just as the stock-keeper was going to cut him open, I saw another kangaroo not a hundred yards off.

'There's another,' said I; and the dogs, although they had had a hard battle with the kangaroo lying dead, started off directly. Close by us was a large pond of water, like a little lake. The kangaroo was between the dogs and the lake. Not knowing how to get past, I suppose, he hopped right into the lake, and the dogs went after him. He hopped farther into the lake, where the water got deeper, and then the dogs were obliged to swim, but they were game, and would not leave their work. When the kangaroo found himself getting pretty deep in the water, he stopped, and turned on the dogs; but he could not use his terrible hind-claws, so when one of the dogs made a rise at his throat, (they always try to get hold of the throat,) he took hold of him with his fore-legs, and ducked him under the water. Then the other dog made a spring at him, and the kangaroo ducked him in the same way.

'Well,' said the stock-keeper, 'I never saw the like of that before; this is a new game.'

'And all the while the dogs kept springing at the kangaroo's throat, and the kangaroo kept ducking them under the water. But it was plain the dogs were getting exhausted, for they were obliged to swim and be ducked too, while the kangaroo stood with his head and fore-legs from out of the water.

'This will never do,' said the stock-keeper; 'he'll drown the dogs soon at this rate.' So he took his gun from me, and put a ball in it.

'Now,' said he, 'for a good shot; I must take care not to hit the dogs.'

'He put his gun over the branch of a dead tree, and watching his time, he fired, and hit the kangaroo in the neck, and down it came in the water. He then called off the dogs, and they swam back to us.

'He is such a prime one,' said he, 'it would be a pity to lose his skin;' so he waded in after him, and dragged him out. 'It's a pity,' said he, 'to lose so much meat, but his hind-quarters would be a bigger load than I should like to carry home; but I must have his skin; and I'll tell you what, young fellow, you shall have his tail, though I'm thinking it's rather more than you can carry home.'

'This roused me a bit, to think I could n't carry a kangaroo's tail; so I determined to take it home, if I dropped, though I must say it was so heavy that I was obliged to rest now and then, and the stock-keeper carried it a good part of the way for me.

'What shall we do with the meat?' said I.

'What shall we do with it?' said he; 'are you hungry?'

'I believe you,' said I.

'Then we'll make a dinner of him,' said the stock-keeper.

'With that we got together some dry sticks, and made a fire; and the stock-keeper took the ram-rod of his musket, and first he cut a slice of the lean off the loins, which he said was the tenderest part, and put the ram-rod through it, and then he cut out a bit of fat, and slid it on after the lean; and so on, a bit of fat and a bit of lean, till he had put on lots of slices, and so he roasted them over the fire. He gave me the ram-rod to hold, and cutting a long slice of bark out of a gum-tree, made two plates; capital plates, he said, for a bush-dinner. I told you we had got some salt and some damper, and I was pretty hungry, as you may suppose, and I thought it the most delicious dinner I ever ate. When I had done, I laid down on the grass, and HECTOR and FLX came and laid themselves down beside me, and some how, I don't know how it was, I fell asleep, I was so tired. I slept a good while, for the stock-keeper said it would have been a sin to wake me, I was in such a sweet sleep. I woke up, however, after a good nap, and felt as if I could eat a bit more kangaroo. But it was getting late, and so we made the best of our way home. We passed by the place where we had killed the first kangaroo; so the stock-keeper brought home the hind-quarters and the three skins, and I brought home a tail; and really I don't know which is best.'

A stirring scene is described in a battle with the bush-rangers, and the abduction and captivity of the 'magistrate,' but it is quite too long for extract. We 'second the motion' of the British press in commendation of the volume, which is well-printed, upon fair paper, and cleverly illustrated with several wood-engravings.

SUMMER STORIES OF THE SOUTH. By T. ADDISON RICHARDS. In one volume: pp. 255. Philadelphia: LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO AND COMPANY.

MR. RICHARDS is an artist, whose progress, the result of keen observation, disciplined taste, and enhanced skill of hand, as exhibited in successive landscapes from his pencil, has been marked with pleasure by his friends. Nor, as we have had occasion heretofore to remark, in his correspondence with southern literary journals, is he deficient in the adroit use of his pen. With several of the sketches in the volume before us we were already familiar, and are glad to welcome them in their present collected form. 'Tallulah, or the Trysting-Rock,' is a stirring love-story, which will arrest the attention, and secure the admiration, of our author's lady-readers: while 'Jocassee, or Il Campannetto,' will please the more rigidly romantic. We rather affect the sketch of 'The Phrenologist,' which is well drawn, and possesses a good degree of quiet humor. We annex an account of the triumph of 'the professor,' in one case of demonstrative manipulation, before a large audience at the southern village of Seclusaval:

'ALL Seclusaval was congregated in the lecture-room at the appointed hour, staring with astonished eyes at the array of plaster heads upon the table, with their mysterious intersecting lines and figures. The doctor's welcome, as he walked with solemn dignity to the rostrum, must have been exceedingly gratifying to him, especially as the assembled shouters were chiefly of an age which put them in the most valuable and profitable class of auditors. When the greeting uproar was hushed, the orator, with artistic grace, made divers changes in the geography of the casts, described sundry curves with his spotless linen cambric, glanced at his repeater, and, with a musical voice and polished action, unclosed the portals of wisdom, and let flow the stream of living words which was to enlighten and electrify assembled Seclusaval. In other phrase, he commenced his speech, and a brilliant speech it was, judging from the frequent and hearty plaudits, but it must find another reporter than ourself, for time forbids our speaking of the eloquence of the exordium; of the lucid manner in which he traced the birth and growth of the study; of the singularly comprehensive definition of the province of Phrenology; of his generous eulogium of its high-priest, Spurzheim; and, lastly, of the mighty results that were to accrue to the world from its revelations — how every character was to be instantly read, and how people might thus safely court or avoid their fellow-men, and how each might know and pursue that walk in life which heaven designed him to fill.

'Suffice it, that when the lecture was concluded, and the professor had first accurately traced the characters of Milton, Bacon, Washington, a murderer, and an idiot boy, by the developments upon the plaster heads, the only question among the audience was, who should first have the privilege of obeying the Greek proverb, 'Know thyself.' This honor the Doctor proffered, gratuitously, to Mr. Dobson, who had sat a moody auditor of the lecture. Mr. Dobson at first flatly refused to countenance such nonsense, but was at length prevailed upon to accede.

'As trait upon trait of Mr. Dobson's character was unfolded, the hearers, in silent wonder, acknowledged the diviner's skill.

'I find,' continued the manipulator, running his fingers over the subject's caput, 'that the organ of Argumentativeness is prominent, together with all other organs which unite and support its successful development. This, the audience may say, I know well enough from what I have read of the gentleman's works, particularly those in which he labors, and so ably, to controvert my own opinions. I admit it, and I only mention, for your satisfaction, that here the organ is, with all the prominence in which you would suppose it to exist. But further — you have, perhaps, only seen this gentleman in his mild and even moments; you will hardly suppose that Combativeness is as strongly developed as Argumentativeness. Yet so it is, and if aroused, he will be as ready to fight as to dispute. In fact, he is naturally very quarrelsome, though his developments of Caution and Benevolence counteract the exercise of his pugnacious humor in a great measure.'

'I beg to say,' here interrupted the subject, 'that your last remark is satisfactory evidence of the weakness and pretension of your doctrine. Your picture of my disposition is utterly erroneous.'

'You imagine so,' was the mild reply. 'But how seldom we know ourselves! The

organ I speak of, I see before me, as plainly developed as your nose, and I know that it cannot lie. You are given to quarrel.'

'You are wrong, Sir, wholly wrong — I do not believe one word of your mummery!'

'Patience, my dear Sir. Time and occasion will furnish you and others proofs of my assertion.'

'It never can, Sir. I am *not* obstinate or quarrelsome, not in the least degree.'

'You certainly are, Sir.'

'Do you give me the lie, Sir?'

'Only in judgment, Sir.'

'Sir! you are an arrant impostor! a pitiful humbug!' cried the patient, starting up, now fairly exasperated: 'and there, sir, is my opinion of you,' he added, at the same instant bringing his right foot in such unpleasant intimacy with the doctor's person, that that worthy gentleman's bump of Amativeness was enlarged until he kissed the floor. The bully then proffered the same kind show of respect to any individual present who would presume to endorse the doctor's obnoxious opinions.

'Dire and instant was the confusion in the audience. All tongues wagged against Mr. Dobson, and all sympathies were active and eloquent in favor of the other party.'

'The doctor quickly regained his feet and his temper, and said quietly, 'that he forgave the ill-treatment of the gentleman, as, in his intemperate conduct, he had given undeniable and ocular proof against himself, and in maintenance of the truth of his assertion that the subject's disposition was pugnacious!' The laugh against Mr. Dobson was general, and that gentleman himself, a few minutes afterwards, advanced with a very crest-fallen air, and seeming suddenly to repent his uncourteous action, very magnanimously apologized for the affront; confessed his skepticism shaken, and that he was now ready to see and hear with a mind less prejudiced.'

There is a good lesson pleasantly enforced in 'Don't be Bashful,' which we should like to have cited, had our limits permitted: but for this, as well as the other papers we have mentioned, we must refer the reader to the volume itself, which, to the credit of the publishers be it said, is neatly and correctly printed.

EUROPE IN A HURRY. By GEORGE WILKES. In one volume: pp. 449. New-York: HENRY LONG AND BROTHER, Number Forty-three, Ann-street.

WHEN we first read the letters of which this handsome volume is composed, as they successively appeared in the widely-circulated journal of which Mr. WILKES was then the editor, we were struck by the observant spirit of the writer, and the felicitous manner in which he conveyed his own impressions to the eye as well as to the mind of his reader. He has no circumlocution, no crowding of objects, no solemn reflections upon 'mistakes in government' or 'wrongs of the people,' except as they arise in his mind in connection with something which is passing before him; and even then, they are very hastily dismissed; for his object evidently is, to let you see through his eyes *what* he saw, and *as* he saw it. And in this he has succeeded perfectly. Yet his book is not a 'curtailed abbreviation, compressing the particulars:' on the contrary, going only over the same route he followed, and of necessity witnessing kindred scenes, we would as readily take his volume for a guide-book, as we would follow a good 'diner' into the chief restaurant of Paris, and duplicate his order for an artistic dinner. We shall justify our impression of the work by two brief extracts, all, we regret to say, for which we have space. The excellent and amiable QUEEN of England, according to our traveller, can hardly be regarded the 'beauty' which she has been represented by the paintings and engravings of HER MAJESTY which have reached this country: and we cannot help thinking that those of our fair country-women

who have been reported to resemble VICTORIA, will consider themselves somewhat less complimented, after perusing the following :

'I SAW the QUEEN first in her state-coach, in procession to St. JAMES' Palace on a levee day, and have seen her three times since at more advantage, but the first impression remained unsoftened. There is no chance for mistake in Her Majesty's facial angle, and a glance is followed by a conclusion against it. On the occasion in St. JAMES' Park, there were two parties of American gentlemen from different hotels, who stood in a group at the point of view I occupied. When the QUEEN passed, each turned and looked the others in the face, and the smile which came from all said, almost in plain words: 'Lord! how we have been humbugged by the pictures.' By-and-by this smile broke into a laugh, and every one enjoyed it, as men will who detect a trick that has deceived them, but which has not affected their credit for intelligence. 'She does not bear the most remote resemblance to any of her pictures,' said one. 'I suppose it would be about as much as a man's life is worth to attempt to portray her accurately,' said another. 'No artist who wishes to obtain the royal favor will ever draw her side-face,' said a third. 'I'll tell you what I think about her, gentlemen,' remarked a fourth: 'if such a looking person were introduced in a ball-room in New-York as a partner for a dance, the gentleman who, out of politeness, went through the cotillion with her, would feel he had a right afterward to inquire what object the person who had scared her up had in furnishing him with such a partner.' 'But she has a fine complexion,' said I. 'So she has,' said the last speaker, 'but of what avail is complexion to such a line of feature? Her face protrudes in the centre, and retires at the forehead and chin.'

The ensuing passage is from a portion of a chapter devoted to a description of the metropolitan prisons, and, incidentally, to a sketch of the impostors of London :

'As we turned down by the Hay-market, the moon left us, and just at this moment a female figure emerged from one of the dark arches of the Royal Opera-House, and in a most piteous voice asked 'charity, for the love of Gon.' I was struck with the concentrated and touching misery of the tone, and instinctively put my hand toward my pocket. One of my companions, however, who professed to know much of London, turned the woman off with a rough denial; whereupon she slunk backward, but added, as she quietly retreated, and in the same quivering accent as before: 'Indeed, gentlemen, indeed I am not the kind of character you take me for!' My sharp companion was about vindicating the position he had taken by another brusque reply, when I checked him by catching hold of his arm, and, turning after the woman, I slipped a half-crown in her hand. She looked at her hand for an instant, as if she could hardly realize her fortune, then with a burst of feeling that I have never seen equalled in fervor, exclaimed: 'God bless your Christian heart!' and darted out of sight. Even my obdurate friend was overcome, and commenced feeling in his pockets, while I, inspired with new confidence in my judgment by this exhibition, took a quick step or two in the direction of the woman's flight, as if it were my duty to do more. But the apparition had vanished, and I peered up the dark street in vain. I fancied, for an instant, that I could hear a low chuckle near me, as if one of the black old arches was enjoying a little dry merriment by itself, but it faded away as an illusion, and, for the time, I thought no more of it.

'On the following night I was passing by the same spot at a somewhat earlier hour, when I found my elbow touched, while a low voice whispered by my ear: 'I say, Sir, don't you want to buy a pretty picture-book?' I turned quickly round, and to my astonishment recognized the plaintive beggar of the night before. The book she offered was of the vilest kind, and she herself was one of those pestilential bats that haunt in the dark nooks of public thoroughfares, to tempt the late wayfarer on his passage home. I felt ashamed that this base creature should have used up the sympathy and trust which might have been reserved within me for some worthier object, and in the angry resolution that I made, not to be so deceived again, I experienced the full force of a maxim I have used before, 'that every impostor should be treated as a common enemy, for he not only sets a bad example to the world, but robs the worthy of that fund of sympathy which is often the only resource and dependence of real misfortune.'

A sententious and very graphic picture of the Grisettes of Paris must close our quotations. The whole forms a 'picture in little,' but the portrait of the class is not the less faithful :

'I FOUND the Boulevards quite as gay after breakfast as they were in the easy part of the afternoon before, though filled with a somewhat different class of people. There were fewer well-dressed females, and the men had more of a business air; nevertheless,

all were loungers, and it was difficult to imagine that any of the throng, except the bustling little grisettes, had any task beyond sauntering away their time in that delightful place. Frenchmen never walk fast through the streets; if they are in a hurry, they ride. The only person who can by any chance be seen walking swift in Paris, is an American, or perhaps a grisette, who will hurry at all hours and seasons, unless she is with her sweet-heart.

'I look upon these little creatures as among the most worthy people of Paris. They are as busy as bees all day long; and though report says they take too much margin in their gayeties on Sunday, and walk occasionally too deep into the Bois de Boulogne, one cannot help pardoning them, in advance, for all their transgressions. They represent labor in its most devoted shape, and have a better right to dance and sing, and snap their fingers, than the laced ladies whom they ornament, and who confer nothing upon the world but a little too much of themselves. Indeed, they enjoy themselves to the top of their bent, whenever they are let loose, and, next to the soldiers, are the chief feature of Paris. Like the soldiers, however, they always behave decorously, and never give offense, either in their conduct or their attire. On the contrary, their dress is exquisitely tasteful, and their manners, though refined by peculiar art, have the appearance of the utmost simplicity. You are very often struck with their extreme beauty as well as neatness, and at first can scarcely resist an inclination to put your hand in your pocket, as you do when you see a charming statuette, to buy a pair of them for your mantel-piece at home. Among them you see the freshest faces and purest complexions in the world, some looking like ripe nectarines, under their indescribable and inimitable little caps, and others so white and so fresh that they seem to have been dipped in milk, and make you fancy that they smell of the meadow. Many of the ladies of Paris, too, have the same remarkable delicacy of flesh and blood.'

A MEMORIAL OF HORATIO GREENOUGH. Consisting of a Memoir, Selections from his Writings, and Tributes to his Genius. By HENRY T. TUCKERMAN. In one volume: pp. 245. New-York: GEORGE P. PUTNAM AND COMPANY.

THIS is a cordial, a feeling tribute to the genius and the memory of one whom the world 'will not let die;' who has left behind him works, upon which both are recorded, on 'tablets of enduring marble.' Of all the creations that we have seen of GREENOUGH's chisel, we have been impressed with one sentiment: and that was, that his *heart* was in each. It was *his* conception—it was *his* thought in stone; not a copy, not a reflection, of the idea of some other. 'Although,' says Mr. TUCKERMAN, 'the creations of the artist are his best monument, when the spirit in which he works transcends the limits of a special vocation, and associates him with the progress of society, and the happiness of his friends, a mere *catalogue-raisonné* of what he has left in marble or colors we feel to be an incomplete record of his life. The recent death of our earliest sculptor has caused so wide and sincere a grief, that it becomes not less a sacred duty, than a melancholy pleasure, to trace his career, to gather up the tributes to his genius, and to endeavor to delineate the features of his character.' All this Mr. TUCKERMAN has done, with a faithfulness, and with an almost filial affection, which reflects little less credit upon his hand than upon his heart. As we followed the career of his subject, and traced with him his early longings, his first attempts, his 'inner standards,' his gradual progress, and his ultimate success, we could not help but think, that both COLE and GREENOUGH had found in NOBLE and in TUCKERMAN worthy representatives of the appreciation in which their genius and their personal characters will be held, not so much by those who knew them so well, as by those who will be thus enabled to know them better.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

'Up the River, July 10.



'My old Shanghai rooster is dead. From the time that he was brought to my house in a basket, about a year ago, until now, his career has been varied, but the latter part of it miserable indeed. He has not ventured upon a hearty crow for the last six months. All things went smoothly with him at first, and there was a degree of *éclat* attaching to his family. The neighbors came to see him, and remarked that he was an uncommonly large fowl; but he was perhaps magnified in their eyes because he was a *foreigner*; and they turned upon their heel with a sovereign contempt of the common barn-yard fowl. He had the enclosures all to himself, and, standing erect on the hillock, out-crowed the neighboring roosters.

'When the hen began to lay, every body wished to get eggs of me. My friends asked it as a particular favor that I would grant them a few, when I had them to spare; and the butcher and the baker stopped at the gate to inquire if I would not *sell* them a few Shanghai eggs. Thus the stock rose in the market, and feathers were buoyant. When the Cochin-China cock arrived, he was at least one-third larger, and so much superior to the other in all his points, and had such a lordly strut and royal comb, as completely to cast him in the shade. They at once fought valiantly for the mastery, and the contest was continued in various skirmishes and pitched battles for several days. At last, when Shanghai became convinced that he was no match, his eyes wavered and refused to meet the adversary, and on every occasion he

pusillanimously fled. He could not be secure even of a bit of bread; he was bullied at every turn; and he lost the haughty bearing which he once had when he was cock of the walk. What appeared to mortify him more, was, that the hen deserted him, and preferred the Cochin guest, so that he strayed solitary on the corners of the field, and picked up what living he could. He also roosted alone. Every now and then, when he was minding his own business, and no attack was suspected, I noticed his adversary would rush on him from a distance, and give him a sound drubbing. On these occasions, he would run under the steps or the bushes; and at last he got to be so timid that he would fly away and poke his head in a corner at the least alarm. As he sneaked about under the fences, or stood upon one leg with his head crouched between his thighs, and his eyes half closed, and his tail, already sparse enough, soaked in the rain, he presented a melancholy ensample of the loss of self-respect. To get him out of his painful position, I offered to give him away, in hopes that when he had the field to himself, his spirits would revive, and that he would act worthily of his race. But the proper occasion not having arrived to carry him off, he remained in disgrace, and walked moodily apart, not venturing to salute the rising sun. Alas! that the chicken-stealer had not been successful in his attempt, or that he had not been metamorphosed, before it was too late, into a delectable fricassee! For a month past, I have noticed that he has been waxing uncommonly lean, and I have taken care that he should not be bullied out of his corn and Indian meal. He fed readily out of my hand, and appeared to relish the attention well. But his leanness increased, and I began to perceive that he was losing his feathers faster than his flesh. I at first thought that the poor bird was shedding them; that he was moulting, and, in consequence, in feeble health, until I caught the Cochin-China cock in the cruel trick of picking out a feather, from time to time. His plumage was thus decimated, and at last his tail totally gone, and he began to look as if he had been in the hands of the cook, and was nearly dressed. *Dressed!* according to the vocabulary of the kitchen. Perceiving that removal was his only chance, I sat down and indited the following note to a friend:

‘I OFFERED you my Shanghai cock. When you come this way again, bring a basket in your carriage, and a bit of canvas. I don’t want him, as the other cock is fast killing him, and he is of no use. He is losing all his feathers.

Yours,

F. W. S.

‘I had scarcely penned the above, when a circumstance occurred, which, for aught I know, was fatal to my Shanghai. I had noticed that, at the height of supremacy, he was a truculent old fellow, and ate up his own offspring; and that ENG, the hen, although good at sitting, so that she would sit, and sit, and would *for ever sit*, was not a good mother in rearing her brood, whereas the Cochin-China hen is an unmatched mother. There is a nest of wrens in the apple-tree at the kitchen-door; and when the young were hatched, I noticed them from time to time with their heads poking out until the straw-house became too small for them. They were ready to be fledged, and fell out into the deep grass. At this moment, Shanghai, being alone, snapped them up and killed them all. I saw one of them dangling from his beak

stone-dead, while he strutted about, appearing to have regained his lost estate. At this moment, in a fit of indignation I pursued him, and snatching him from the lilac-bush, at the roots of which he had poked his head, dragged him forcibly out, and threw him into the air. He came down on his legs, and ran under the shed. This last insult was too much for him. In the morning he was found upon the coal-heap, dead. Well, he is gone! he is gone! and I am sorry for it, because he was a gift, and all gifts from kind-hearted people ought to be duly prized. But I am happy to inform the donor that I have a brood of fourteen Cochinchina chickens, now out of harm's way, and one-third grown. PALMER, my neighbor, the other day said to me: 'Those are superior chickens of yours; I assure you that I *do* like them very much indeed.' In a retired country-place, where there is a lack of incident, and excitement is rare, there is an eminent source of pleasure in the rearing of fowls. You are gratified with the antics of your dog, but nine puppies out of ten are of no value. You respect your horse, and have him comfortably stabled, but for the most part he is only a patient drudge. You may even look down into your pig-pen with a degree of satisfaction.

'But the hen and chickens, by their nature, habits, and instincts, are an unfailing source of instruction and delight. There is something beautiful in their domesticity and close attachment to home, always feeding about your doors, crowding about you as you go forth, running and flying toward you to receive the scattered grains. The sounds which they make belong to the most cheering associations of the homestead: the motherly clucking, that frequent reiterated *cutarcut!* and the healthy, whole-souled crowing of the chanticleer. At night, when the stillness becomes insupportable to the waker, *he* celebrates the watches and reassures you with his voice. Starting at those unaccountable noises which are heard at night, there is a familiarity in the cock-crowing which puts you in a fearless mood, and seems to say: 'All's well.' The fresh egg daily brought in and deposited in a basket, the incubation, the hatching, the matronly conduct of the hen, walking with careful steps among the brood, now exchanging her tenderness for ferocity at the approach of a mousing cat, or the shadow of a swooping hawk, or, when the storm lowers, gathering her chickens under her wings; the gradual relinquishing of her charge, as they increase to the plumpness of a full-grown quail or a young partridge, when the young roosters, in the spirit of imitation, venture upon their first ragged crow, (mixed bass and treble, like the changing voice of a hobbledehoy;) the occasional cock-fight and sham-battle; the feelings which you experience when you drag down a brace of young pullets for your dinner, and perhaps see their heads cut off at the wood-pile, while they flop and flounce about on their sides among the chips—these things arrest your attention from day to day, and mitigate seclusion. Although it is amusing to see ducks waddling down to the pond at sun-rise in Indian file, and at the cry of their owner returning to be locked up at night-fall in the same order, gluttonizing on little fish till the fins and tails stick out of their mouths, they have not half the interest of hens and chickens. As inhabitants of *terra firma*, they are not worth notice; in the water they are inanimate, and have neither the agility of fishes nor the grace of wild-fowl.

It is a beautiful sight to see a large brood of half-grown, full-blooded chickens sitting down as close together as they can be on the grass, occupying a space no larger than could be covered by the broad brim of a Panama hat, or could be commanded by the sweeping charge of a double-barrel. At night they huddle together in the same manner in an angle of the shed; but when a little older, seek the perch, there to remain until the break of day, unless pulled down by the abandoned chicken-stealer.

'A cock is the proudest and most majestic bird which was ever feathered. Let the gay flamingo flap his wings, and the peacock flirt his gaudy fan, and all the songless flock which make the tropic groves so brilliant. The Bird of Paradise may be esteemed a marvel, and a paragon of the most ecstatic beauty, with all its train of soft and melting heavenly colors, the blending of that holy HAND which, whether shown on the aerial bow or in the sun-set skies, or on the cheeks of fruits, or in the bloom of flowers, is far beyond all imitative pencil; one of those forms of love divine which never yet have ceased to grace our natural Eden. Even as a dove just parted from the leash, the carrier of some hopeful message, it seems to have been flung down already fashioned from the very groves which hang over the flashing waves that roll hard by the Golden City. But for these birds of gorgeous plumage it may be said that they live too near the sun. They are where the tendency of all dust is to take on also the more disgusting forms of life; where the lizard lurks among the choicest perfume, and where the basilisk lies along the branch. They are symbols of a perfection of beauty which is not of earth. Now the cock is a representative of the erect, inherent dignity of nature. His race is found every where. He loses not caste among the tropic-birds. He walks along the equatorial belt; he has his coop in *Terra del Fuego* as well as in the icy north. He flies wild through the primitive forests, over the great moors and prairies of the western continent. He peoples all the islands of the sea, from New-Holland to Pitcairn's Island, occupied by the descendants of the mutineers of the 'Bounty'; he is in Europe, and Asia, and Africa, and perhaps in the suburbs of Jerusalem: at this very day may be found the lineage of the cock which crowed the third time before 'PETER went out and wept bitterly.'

'I will mention another superior advantage which is possessed by these home-bred birds. Things which are exceeding bright soon weary, and pall upon the sense of sight; and when the eye becomes dissipated among gorgeous objects, it soon rests upon vacancy, having reached the limit of enjoyment in the present sphere. The fiery plumes leave no impression on the seared brains of those who live in the tropics, any more than they do a track in the cloven air. The nature of these birds must be explored by the far-searching naturalist, who, with an enthusiasm of his pure pursuit which blends itself into the very religion of his heart, like WILSON, and BARTRAM, and AUDUBON, is willing to pursue them through every danger, and wing them in their timorous retreats. Through the labors of such men we learn at second-hand the endless variety of the creation, and from the wonderful adaptation of all things to their end, enrich the argument for the existence of a glorious and merciful God. But in the hen and chickens we have every where before

us a perpetual lesson of affection, high instinct, and domestic virtues, of which the mind never tires. Pride and native dignity attend the foot-steps of the male, and in his mate we see the inherent strength of true love, assuming the fierceness of a vulture when it stands in need of better protection than the shadow of its wings. The pugnacious disposition of the cocks shows that the government of the flock is patriarchal, and that there cannot rightfully be but one lord within the same enclosures. There can be no mixed government to be consistent with the dignity of the bird. Hence, my Shanghai, after a fair contest, was compelled to knock under, and finally fell off the perch from sheer mortification and neglect, having lost nearly all his feathers. Had he shown more spirit, although the smaller bird, he might have kept possession of the ground which was his by legal tenure. His unhappy fate reminds me of a tilting-match which actually occurred between a cock and a peacock, which goes to show the strength of weakness when enlisted in a right cause, and what will sometimes ensue from picking your neighbors gradually to pieces: and as the narrative involves so good a moral, I shall endeavor to put it into the form of a fable, without intending to encroach upon the department of that unique and exceedingly original delineator and learned Professor, GILBERT SPHINX. Here it is:

‘IN an extensive barn-yard, where the harvests of a rich farmer were collected, and the scattering of corn, hay, oats, and Timothy seed, was exceedingly profuse, there existed the most flourishing establishment of fowls in that whole neighborhood. In the midst of this harem of hens, ruled an extremely handsome and vain-glorious chanticleer. He would have been singled out for his gay plumes, blood-red comb, expanding chest, swelling throat, uplifted head, eminent aspect. In case of any intrusion upon his premises, the result was a bloody fight, which usually left the adversary on his back, stone-dead.

‘Early one morning before the cock-crowing, the whole family in the barn-yard were awakened by a shrill, wild, unearthly scream. Sir CHANTICLEER jumped from his perch, and as the day just began to dawn, he discovered an unusual visitor, a peacock, who had strayed from a great distance.

‘‘What do you want here?’’ said CHANTY, bristling up.

‘‘To ask about your Majesty’s health,’’ replied the other, causing his tail to droop, and trembling all over, for he was a great coward; ‘‘only to ask about your Majesty’s health, and permission to spend a day or two in your dominion, until I am rested from the fatigues of my journey.’’

‘‘Certainly,’’ said COCKSPUR, appeased by his guest’s submissive air. ‘‘What is your name?’’

‘‘They call me SPLENDID PEACOCK,’’ replied he.

‘‘Very well, SPLENDID, I am glad to see you. It is not very often that one of your set does us the honor to call. It is time for breakfast. Here are oats, there is corn. Help yourself: be entirely at home.’’

‘‘I will,’’ said SPLENDID, recovering his assurance, and scratching up a few grains.

‘‘During the whole of the first day, nothing occurred to mar the pleasure of the visit, although PEACOCK was so embarrassed and bashful that he did not do himself justice. He lurked about in corners, with his head down and his plumage folded up, and his voice was not even heard. His timidity showed itself in all his movements. On the second day, not having worn out his welcome, and his reception being good, he walked with much more freedom; and about noon, when the sun was shining in its utmost splendor, ascending a hillock which was the very throne of CHANTICLEER, he opened all his gorgeous plumage to the light. The sensation was prodigious; a crowd gathered around him, and a chuckle of admiration went through the whole yard. From that moment,

Sir CHANTY was filled with deadly animosity, and could hardly refrain from picking his eyes out on the spot. He, however, smothered his rage for the present, but he determined to be the death of him. He therefore sought a cause of quarrel, and was content to remark, when he heard his guest praised, that he had a scrawny neck, ugly feet, and a miserable, discordant voice. On the third day, being unable any longer to hold his spite, he came slyly up to PEACOCK and plucked out one of the handsomest feathers in his tail. Of this the other took no notice, as he had still ample plumes. Every day, however, CHANTICLEER continued this process of picking till there was not another feather left in the poor bird's tail, and he was an object of ridicule to the whole harem. CHANTY, however, perceived that his work was not done while his adversary had still some very handsome feathers on the top of his head; he therefore approached with the intention of plucking them out by the roots. When SPLENDID PEACOCK found that he was going to lose his *top-knot* also, his cowardice gave place to an ungovernable rage, and he flew at his opponent in so unexpected a manner, and without observing any of the rules of fighting, that the latter was on his back before he knew it. PEACOCK then, encouraged by success, and growing all the time more vindictive, followed up the attack until he had driven COCKSPUR entirely out of the enclosure, who was so mortified and chagrined that he never came back, but left his guest in undisputed possession.'

'While on the subject, it may not be amiss to say something about the rearing of fowls, mostly for the benefit of your ignoramus who is smitten with a sudden love of the country, and purchases a box and few acres, and dreams of his exploits in husbandry and the happiness which he has in store. From the extensive henneries and large spaces which you see enclosed with light picket-fences, and the extravagant prices which are given now-a-days for certain breeds of fowls, one would suppose that they laid golden eggs, like the goose in Æsop's fable, and would make their owners rich. Such, in fact, is the futile hope which is cherished. Now there is nothing which is more certain to remunerate you than the few chickens for which there is room upon your place, and which may pick up their own living from the chaff, or be supplied from the provender which you have. The fresh eggs alone will recompense your care, and your expense will be nothing. The cock will roam abroad at will, and the hens will deposit their eggs where they please, in the loft or in the garden. But when it comes to making artificial nests, and providing the birds with bits of lime instead of permitting them to seek out the broken clam-shells, and having their roosts made by a carpenter, instead of letting them find their own roosts on a beam or on a tree; when you attempt to raise them by the fifties or by the thousands, in nine cases out of ten you will find yourself out of pocket. These thick populations do not thrive; and as they are domestic in their habits, they are fond of a quiet home, and do not, like the turkeys, who are wild in nature, love to go in large flocks. If you live in the country, you need never be without a pair of broiled chickens on your table if you have a friend to dine with you, but you will be wofully disappointed if you expect to grow rich out of your fowls. I am very much struck with the constant rejection by the country-farmers of all fanciful schemes, and their perseverance in the old ways of husbandry and the succession of crops. No matter how tempting may be the prospect, their attention is never distracted for a single season from the common routine, and their ultimate success proves their judgment to have been correct. You will scarcely find a farmer supporting an inordinate family of hens, or providing for them any better shelter than his barn-

yard or his sheds. It is the amateur-husbandman, the philosopher, the poet, the man of letters, who ventures on these experiments. The person who made me a present of my Shanghai and Cochinchina fowls has a large number of them in his enclosures, the descendants of those which he has imported directly from far countries; but his object is not to make money out of them, and he dispenses them with a free will among his friends, in order that the stock may be improved.

'While speaking of high-breeds, it may be well to mention that I lately met a man who was going all over the country trying to procure a pair of the original, common, barn-yard fowl, and he complained that they were difficult to be found, the race is so mixed. The foreigners may have their peculiar points, it is true. Their flesh may be more tender, but they do not stand the winters as well. If they lay eggs profusely, they do not always make good mothers. If their reputation is great, they are more likely to be taken from the perch by the abandoned chicken-stealer. This, however, is a long talk upon a subject on which I have conversed before; but I must inform you before concluding that I buried my old Shanghai at the roots of a Diana grape-vine, in hopes that the effect would be seen on the future grapes, and on the same night had a singular dream, in which was blended a remembrance of juvenile, romantic story, and on a larger scale the obsequies of the late lamented Cock-Robin. For I imagined that I saw again the grave dug, and the pall borne, and the mourners walking, and the bell pulled, while overhead, upon a willow-branch which drooped upon the place of sepulture, I heard the voice of the same ghostly raven which tormented the life of VANDERDONK.

'JULY 20.—I am not very fond of fishing, lacking the essential patience of a true fisherman. I never remember to have caught many fish, or to have been on many excursions where a great many were taken. To sit all day on a rock, or to be continually baiting a hook for the benefit of small nibblers, to get your line out of a snarl and untie knots, is not to me an amusing occupation. Several times in the season, however, it is pleasant to go out for this ostensible purpose; and though you take nothing, you come home with a sharp appetite, and sleep the better at night. The books on angling are very pleasant reading, especially the 'Complete Angler,' and 'Salmonia,' and one called 'Spring-Tide, or The Angler and his Friends,' by JOHN YONGE AKERMAN; a publication whose dialogue is intended to illustrate and defend from the charge of utter vulgarity, the language of the rustic population of the southern and western parts of England. But the trout are becoming more and more scarce every year, and even the mountain-streams will soon need to be replenished with this choice fish, while it requires more skill and patience to decoy the large ones at the bottom of their old and crystal pools. To land a good big trout, whose nose you have been tickling for a long time, as he remains almost motionless, slightly oscillating as if on a pivot, and tremulously pointing, like a magnetic needle, to some dark hole beneath the shelving rock, excites a feeling of triumph as you place him in the bottom of your basket. Perhaps, however, you will have to wait all day before you get another bite.

'I like to go *a-crabbing*, an occupation which has never, according to my knowledge, been dignified by description, although these shell-fish are in much request. To pick them to pieces, and nicely to extract the meat from the several compartments, is in itself an art, and enhances the pleasure of eating; and now and then, in the fall of the year, if you are fond of suppers, it is agreeable to sit down before a large plate of boiled or roasted crabs, with your crash-towel at your side, and draw out the white morsels from the sockets, or scoop out from its recesses the richer fat. But the soft-crab is especially desiderated by epicures; for no part is rejected, and when done nicely brown, they eat the whole, claws and all. Says the old poet:

'I HAVE NO ROAST
But a nut-brown toast,
And a *crab* laid in the fire:
Much meat I not desire.'

'I always thought that the shell-fish was referred to in these verses, but am informed by one well versed in literary things, that the allusion is to the crab-apple, which was used to garnish a dish. There will be no harm, however, in making the application double. When I was a boy — since which many years have elapsed, although it seems but yesterday — I used to resort to an old mill on the salt meadows of Long-Island, where a creek put up from a neighboring bay, to fish for crabs. All which was required was a good strong net, a piece of string, a bit of lead for a sinker, a small chunk of meat, or a few clams for bait. The crab pulls strong and steadily, and seldom lets go his hold unless you jerk him, and then, if the water is clear, you will see him slinking and sliding off with a sidelong motion, and with great rapidity, to the bottom. When you are sure that he has well fastened on the bait, you draw in very slowly and gradually, conjecturing his size and fatness from the strength with which he pulls; and the excitement increases, until his brown shell and formidable claws begin to appear on the surface, when you dexterously slip the net under him, and he is yours. It requires some tact, then, to turn the net suddenly wrong-side out, before he becomes entangled in the meshes. When you have got him on the ground, at a sufficient distance from the wave, he will exhibit a remarkable rapidity of locomotion, travelling forward, yet backward, toward the element from which he came. Then is the time to put your foot on his back, and to look out for your fingers, for he is a spiteful customer. Nab him effectually by the hind-claws, exerting an antagonistic strength against his powerful muscles, and put him in the basket. The beauty of this sport is, that your line is already baited; and if you go at the right time of tide, you do not have to wait long, for abundance of these brown shells have come, to feast on the 'fat of the land.' Sometimes the crab nips so eagerly that you can jerk him out of the water without net, but it is hardly worth while to make the attempt if you are so provided. When your basket is half full, keep a sharp look-out, or they will scramble and scabble out of it, for they are bustling about, biting and grabbing one another, exhibiting a temper far from amiable. Having reached home with your prize, you tell the cook to put them in boiling water, with a little salt in it. 'This,' says the kind-hearted Mrs. HALE, 'may appear cruel, but life cannot be taken without pain.' The only

draw-back to the pleasure of crabbing, is the chance of taking now and then a wriggling eel, which you do not want, and which is hard to get rid of. Perhaps IZAAK WALTON, who has thrown the charm of a scholastic elegance about the art of trout-fishing, would have disdained to employ his net in this fashion. And it is true that the crab is associated with no poetic meditations, except of a good supper; neither does this kind of sport afford such leisure intervals to think upon the pleasant fields and flowers which skirt the meadows. It is devoid of science, and demands no nicety of skill, which is required to out-wit the 'scaly people,' and which makes the capture of each trout a triumph. But then there are no hooks bit off; no disappointment of empty baskets, no tantalizing sight of fish flashing in mid-air, and then falling back into the water; no tedious sitting on a rock to fill up the waste time with meditation. The tact of catching fish is a natural gift, and is not to be learned from books or from the experience of others. It is accompanied by an inborn love of the pursuit, and an instinctive knowledge. BILL MALLORY will throw his line into a mountain trout-stream full of stumps, sticks, branches, and obstructions, in nine cases out of ten, so as to avoid them all; but if his hook gets fastened out of sight, or his snell wound round and round the slender twig, by some dexterous twitch, some easing process, some change of position, some compound tug, he will release it quickly, while his fellow-fisherman stamping the bank is deprived of hook and line and temper. He will manage, with a knowing look and quiet smile, to cast his hook into the very choicest pasturage of the brook, while I, less fortunate, toil all day, and take no fish. On this account, I prefer to go *a-crabbing*.

'JULY 25.—To-day, again, I was delighted with the remarkable effects of fogs among the mountains, as they rolled down from the summits, and, breaking over the forest-tops, fell softly into the deep abyss in many a snowy cataract. Before sun-rise there was a drenching rain, and I rose and shut down the sashes in my chamber, as it was sifting in and wetting the carpet; and, beside, the air was exceedingly cool. The frequent rains have been a marked feature in this most delightful summer. Scarcely has the earth begun to thirst, or living things to pant under the ardent sun, when the grateful clouds have collected, and presently there has been vouchsafed a refreshing shower. If the streams have been scanty for a week or two, so that the rocks in their beds have become bare and hot, and the water trickled among the stones, in a little while the tributary drops have coalesced, and what with fogs, and mists, and showers, have gushed down through every gully into the impoverished stream, pouring over the mill-dams in copious floods, and adding force and grandeur to the most insignificant cascade and cataract. The corn-blades shine brightly, (I speak of the Indian maize,) and there has just been gathered in the most glorious golden harvest that ever rewarded the reaper. Magnificent as the sea is, with its billows, white caps, and its breakers, its sweet waves softly laving the delicious shores, have you not sometimes been more refreshed by the sight of acres upon acres of wheat all ready for the sickle; and as the wind, the west wind, moves along the surface, at one time pouring down into the hollows and the valleys, then glancing up the acclivities; now causing the whiter and the silvery stalks to bow down, and then the golden heads to stand upright,

have you not looked down from a high hill upon the ripples of this waving ocean? I, for one, can never see the harvests of this glorious land, where there is bread enough for all, and to spare, without thinking of those lately-impooverished granaries which had no food for the starving people. It is only when the heavens are brass, and the blight comes, and the hand of labor is of no value, that we feel that God feeds us. To starve to death is hard and tantalizing, when almost within reach of the most superabundant plenty. O ye people of England! methinks you should have stripped yourselves of every grandeur, retrenched all your luxuries, cast down your precious jewelry, and brought yourselves to a mere morsel of bread, sooner than have let that thing come to pass. Yet who can doubt that such a price was thought too dear to buy the luxury of doing good? And still within the halls which overlooked those scenes of desperate sorrow might be heard the voice of revelry: the tables groaned, and still the dance was woven, and the feast went on, while from your lordly roofs the lights shone down upon the gold and silver plate, emblazoned with the arms of your illustrious ancestors, and made the wine flash brighter in the goblets, which maketh glad the heart of man. Here are millions upon millions of acres, blooming almost spontaneously, which only wait the hand of culture. The soil is full of richness: the vegetation of a multitude of centuries has blended with its mellow loam, in places where the plough has never passed, and where the sower has never scattered. Tend it with a somewhat sedulous care, and from the bottom of the valleys to the high mountain-tops, it would burst out and blossom like the rose. Indeed, I see not how a universal famine could prevail among us. We have a multitude of happy valleys, beside that rolled over by the fruitful Mississippi; not one majestic, melancholy Nile alone, like Egypt; and the land is too great for one angel of destruction to overlap it with a black shadow. For if a drought should fall upon the Empire State, and all its neighboring compeers, the doors of the grand western granaries would be flung wide open, the freighted cars of burden would thunder on a thousand miles toward the hungry spot, from many a bright and green oasis, to equalize the gifts of God, bearing the corn more precious far than yellow gold, and the very standard of golden value.

F. W. S.

‘AUGUST—LATER. Summer begins to fade away, and we shall soon have many-tinted Autumn, with ambrosial fruits trailing from orchards and vines, and cool mornings and evenings. Then will Arcturus and Orion twinkle brighter in the firmament, and sunsets appear more glorious, and maples, dog-wood, and gum-trees, bedeck themselves in choicest garments. But I shall lose the *music* of summer. Bobolink and Chipping-bird will be heard no more, and Oriole will poise his flame-wings under a more genial sky. Yet autumn twilights are not altogether voiceless. I like to sit on the piazza, wrapped in my cloak, when the nights are growing chilly, and listen to the iterated chirp of the cricket, while the segar looms out in the growing darkness like a miniature light-house. Whither does Bull-frog secrete himself when frost comes? and Hop-toad, and Tree-toad? For they are ill-provided with garments to protect them from cold weather, and I never see Hop-toad

in a bleak September rain, sitting on a cold stone, like Patience on a monument, without feeling that a pair of warm drawers would be beneficial for his nether man. I once took up one of these outcasts in my hand, regardless of warts, and laid him down by the stove during an inclement day. But he skipped away soon enough, and the last I saw of him was a little brown wrinkled spot, as he disappeared over the sill of the kitchen door. And this impelled me to think of a PROVIDENCE watching over all conditions; superior to our limited vision, making that cheerful which to us seems comfortless, and fitting all classes, races, and degrees, in their appropriate stations.

'How easily we anticipate the future! Now, while the days are close and sultry, and Sirius is in the wake of the sun, while Bull-frog pants in the dry channel of the brook, and poor oxen, with loaded wains, turn great, pitiful eyes from one side to the other of the dusty highway, looking in vain for a trickling rill, or plashy spring; while the brown leaves are curled and wilted, and the parched grass affords only a dry and scanty repast for cattle; in the midst of all this heat, I am anticipating the cold, and shrinking from rigid winter, while oppressed with an atmosphere that seems to have blown from the glowing deserts of Lybia. So it is:

———'our thoughts
Tend ever on, and rest not in the Present.'

'The other day, before the loss of my Shanghai, while looking over the papers and reading aloud the account of the Chinese rebellion, I was attracted by the movements of my fowls, who shook their heads, held them up erect, and winked with both eyes as I repeated the names of SEAOU-CHAOU-KWEI, LUWOO, and HUNG-TSEU. I have no doubt, now, that the secret of their personal enmity lay in the difference of their political opinions; COCHIN being on the side of SEAOU-CHAOU-KWEI, while SHANGHAI was a bitter tory, and took issue with the royalists. I observed when I read that the imperial decree was to be engraved, and printed on *yellow paper*, that SHANGHAI bowed his head reverently, while COCHIN assumed a jaunty air of defiance; and when I reached the report, confirmed by the English, that Nanking and CHIAN-KIANG had been taken by the insurgents, SHANGHAI appeared to droop suddenly, while COCHIN uttered a terrific crow. It is strange that foreigners will thus carry local prejudices into foreign countries, where they are only productive of heart-burnings and jealous feelings; yet they will do it. A Corkonian and Far-downian could not exhibit more intense personal hatred toward each other upon no possible grounds, than that which used to ruffle the bosoms of my Chinese poultry. There is one word, however, in their vernacular, which always exerted a mollifying influence upon them, and which, if whispered at the right time, might have a tendency to subdue even a railroad riot. When and how we borrowed it from the language of the Yellow Sea, I know not, but *Sing-Sing* is evidently Chinese, and its effect, when uttered in a proper spirit, and with a significant expression, is like oil poured upon troubled waters.

'I am often amused at the contrast between my fowls and those of a neighbor on the other side of the fence, who has a small family of diminutive

tive bantams. The male bird, with his legs cased in feather pantalets, sometimes gets up on the adjoining shed, purposely, I believe, to look down upon his tall relative from the antipodes. With the exception, however, of his inordinate vanity, sometimes also peculiar to little men, BANTAM is a very clever little fellow, and at heart I believe him to be an excellent rooster. Like JACOB with RACHEL and LEAH, he walks proudly between his two wives, RUSSET and WHITE, followed by a pair of chicks, one his own daughter, the very picture of LEAH, and the other his step-daughter, reared from an alien egg, and now much taller than her foster-parents. Some time ago, there was an addition to the family, in the shape of two small hens, purchased from an itinerant poultry merchant, but BANTAM does not seem moved by their blandishments—in fact, he is so wrapped up in RACHEL and LEAH, that he acts quite rudely towards the strangers. Much as I admire his domestic turn of mind, I hope in time he will compromise matters so as to observe the ordinary courtesies due them from one of his sex. At present his deportment is inexcusable, and I would prefer to see his really exemplary conduct tempered with some show of politeness toward these two forlorn females, dependent upon him for protection.

'THE ARTISTS OF PARIS.'—A friend and correspondent at Quebec, the author of '*The Mid-day Gun at the Palais-Royal*,' in preceding pages, sends us the following lively sketch of the '*Artists of Paris*,' for which he will please accept our best thanks. We cannot hear from him too often:

'THERE are two sorts of every thing—good and bad; and so it is with artists; but in Paris, of all places, there are numbers of people who call themselves *artistes*, for ostensible purposes; as a 'dodge,' in fact, to conceal an aversion to legitimate occupations. There are others, who really believe themselves to be artists, because they would *like* to be artists: the wish is father to the thought; the will is mistaken for the deed.

'In Paris, everybody who takes to a trade—no matter how insignificant a business it may be—calls himself an *artiste*: he takes the word as an exponent of his profession, and emblazons it over his shop in letters a foot long.

'Many tailors are '*artistes*,' and there are plenty of '*artistes* in hair;' '*artistes*' who paint signs, and who will also undertake to 'do' your portrait, or even to knock off the likeness of a ship or of a landscape; for nothing comes amiss to these versatile gentlemen. Then there are '*artistes*' in the boot-and-shoe line, and '*artistes*' who profess to remove grease-spots from wearing apparel. There are '*artistes*' who clip poodle-dogs; '*artistes*' who take your profile *à la silhouette*, with a piece of paper and a pair of scissors; '*artistes*' who play the clarionette in the streets; '*artistes*' who sing there, and '*artistes*' who dance there. All such people call themselves '*artistes*'—and their name is legion.

'At the corner of a street you are accosted by a man in a seedy coat, and a miraculous hat, who addresses you in a confidential whisper: 'Have compassion upon a poor artist out of work—a victim of misfortune; the smallest contribution received with gratitude.' While you are examining your purse, you ask him, much wondering the while, into what field of art his thorny pathway can have led him; and he answers, with more attention to gesture than to grammar, 'Sir, I have wrote for the theayters, which my works was refused, by reason of the jealous exclusion of true genus.' Of course, you ask no more questions, but, bestowing an alms upon the 'artist,' you walk away, glad to get rid of him at the price.

'Another time you receive a visit from a person styling himself an 'artist' in the painting line, who proposes to paint your portrait in the short space of one hour, and for the moderate sum of ten francs. He goes upon the liberal principle of 'no likeness, no pay,' and says it is all the same to him whether he 'does' you in oil or in water, though, from certain unmistakeable indications, you can n't help thinking that rum is his proper vehicle. Seeing that you hesitate—for your mug has been sufficiently multiplied already—he describes himself as the father of a large family of small children; hungry children and cold; destitute babes, devoid of sustenance. It *may* be true; for in Paris, 'the more mouths, the less bread,' is but too common in the by-ways; and so, giving him the benefit of a doubt, you ask him to show you a specimen of his performances, but he never has one with him: and good reason why. At last, wearied by his entreaties, you consent to lend him your countenance, and to work he goes: but the one hour he has contracted for has already been extended to four, and, tired of sitting, you rise, stretch yourself, and walk across the room to have a peep at his work. In the middle of the canvas you perceive something resembling a full moon, upon the disk of which your 'artist,' who is blameless of the very first rudiments of drawing, has been recklessly endeavoring to imitate your eyes, nose, and mouth. Despair possesses you. Declaring your inability to sit any longer, you hand him ten francs, but he assures you that he was just going to hit you off to a T, and is about to expatiate upon the difficulties of art, when you cut him short by showing him the door, with your 'face' under his arm; whence you see him depart with pleasure, and in the full confidence that nobody will recognise you upon *that* canvas.

'Sometimes you are favored with a morning visit, by a squalid individual in tattered raiment. This man's trowsers are mere meshes, entangling his legs; his coat is elbowless, buttonless, greasy, and unsavory; his waistcoat must be attached to him by a spell, as there is no visible earthly bond between it and his body; and yet he addresses you with unlimited confidence, saying, 'Good-morning, Sir: permit me to introduce myself to you as a master of arts, a bachelor of *belles-lettres*, artist by inclination, professor by necessity. I impart to the youthful mind knowledge, in all its varied branches—reading, writing, arithmetic, Greek, Latin, rhetoric, logic, philosophy, mathematics, demeanor, and the use of the globes. You have children; permit me, for a small stipend, to have the honor of indoctrinating their youthful minds with a portion of the learning imbibed by me with much expenditure of the midnight oil.' His allusion to midnight oil is thrown away upon you; had he said elbow-grease, you might have believed him; and so, with some shadowy recollection of seeing such a character figuring in a late police report, you give him a few francs, begging of him, in the name of decency, that he depart forthwith, and treat himself to an entire pair of trowsers.

'So much for the *soi-disant* artists of Paris. Among the genuine craftsmen there is much amusement to be found, much mental exercise for the student of character. Many of them affect peculiarities in their style of costume—originality in a hat, or picturesqueness in the arrangement of hair and cut of beard—the pardonable eccentricities of genius: and yet it is not upon true genius that one generally finds such eccentricities engrafted.

'Nobody at Paris leads a life of greater freedom than the artist. He cometh and goeth at his pleasure, dresseth himself according to his fancy, worketh when it suiteth him to work, and loitereth when he liketh. It is for him that people wait dinner, thereby provoking much blasphemy from the *chef de cuisine*. He is the last arrival at an evening party, and when he gets there he says all manner of odd things with a marvellously simulated air of abstraction, passing round his *brusqueries* like gold 'nuggets' from the rough rocks of talent. Many 'artists' abuse this license. One will give you an appointment, and disappoint you a dozen times. Sometimes he sends down word that he is sick in bed, so as to avoid receiving you, while, at the same moment, he is assiduously occupied in practising the steps of a dance in which he intends to immortalise himself that night at the Casino. Another assumes a distinguished air and manner, thinking that he passes for a Count, when all the world knows that his father was a barber; and occasionally you meet one who adopts a cold, puritanical reserve, and who disdains to return the salute of any poor brother-artist who has not been so fortunate as himself.

'Those painters at Paris whose means enable them to establish large and handsomely furnished *ateliers*, have frequent reunions there, at which are assembled brother-artists of all denominations and of all countries. Nothing can be more characteristic of artist-life, than these reunions. Yonder sits a great composer, laughing at a story told to him by a painter; while near them kneels a poet of abstracted mien, writing upon his tablet some verses suggested by a clever design. A sculptor plays *écarté* with a scene-painter; a young student plays tricks upon a 'model,' sewing up his coat so as to persuade him, when he comes to put it on again, that he is taken with the dropsy; another youngster gets himself up *à la Turque*, with a great shawl wrapped about him, and a napkin for a turban, and, lighting a huge pipe, he seats himself cross-legged upon some cushions, sending wreaths of smoke from his nostrils; an actor of great repute dances the *cancon* with an eminent fiddler, accompanied upon a walking-stick *à la clarionette* by a clever young comedian of the Boulevards; a statuary sings a new song to an old tune; an engraver takes down a hunting-horn, and makes more noise with it than all the rest together; a vaudevillist paints his face with red and black stripes, uttering fierce war-whoops between the pauses; two pupils of the Conservatoire sing two different songs as a duet; here you have declamation and dancing; there, single-stick and sparring; all is fun gone off into fits, frolic wrought up to phrenzy, music taken with madness, the very recklessness of rioting.

'And this is the life of the genuine Parisian artist, for his *dulce domum* differs but little from his studio.'

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—There is no great resemblance between an 'Old Garret' and the 'Crystal Palace;' yet the same pen that sketched the one, has kindly dashed off for us this impression of the other:

'TEMPLES a many have been built; wreathed Corinthian and solemn Gothic; simple as the altar of Eden's second son; ornate as the Pantheon of the Greek; to Divinities supernal, infernal, and 'mixed;' but only two, and those of Crystal, to the Mind-directed HAND. True, the 'Hundred-handed' had altars and offerings, but then BRIAREUS was headless. True, HERCULES was a god of muscles, and had a hand of his own, but then, there was always a *club* in it; it was a rude hand, with a Savage for an owner. True, VULCAN was a fellow of some sinew, but his corded arm was always red with the thunderbolts he was shaping. True, APOLLO fingered the harp now and then, and twanged the silver bow, but then, the one he was heir to, and the other he found. Not a divinity of them all could have made either of them, Mythology 'to the contrary notwithstanding.' The fact is, the Apotheosis of the HAND had not taken place in those days. Not a hand of them all could have knocked at the closed windows of the human soul, and those curtains be withdrawn at the signal; not an arm of them all could have been extended, and the fallen 'Daughters of Music' be lifted from the dumb dust into a world trembling with harmony.

'And this PALACE OF GLASS — what is it but a splendid *Retina*, whereon are stereotyped a myriad passages from the eloquent utterances of the human HAND? Sweetest song could not wake the sleepers in the pale tombs of Paria; but here, around us, within these walls of crystal, they stand forth in the day; death without its moulder, life without its motion, only waiting the whisper of OMNIPOTENCE, to breathe, and come down from their pedestals, and utter an IONIC welcome to the throng. The HAND had rolled away the stone from the door of the sepulchre, and unravelled with the graver the marble shrouds, and gently beat upon the breast till it startled an echo within, and the muscles rounded anew, and the bosom was like a billow, and the lips parted, and the WORLD listened with their eyes.

'Loftiest eloquence — nay, a Prophet's hallowed lips, could not bid the temple-veil of Heaven be rent, that the great fabric woven in the loom of GOD should obey, and swing slowly aside. But here, about us, are strewn Telescopes, those lidless, tearless, sleep-

less Eyes; the HAND has burnished and brought near that dim curtain, and *looked through* the loosely-woven threads, sparkling out with stars, like dewdrops upon the spider's web, and seen the burning torches that blaze round the base of the Throne: seen and lived.

'And here stands the Engine, that emblem of the age, at once the creation and the rival of the HAND; that has pushed on, with its freight of humanity, beyond the uttermost station; that, with soulless sinew, makes Mechanic Man a supernumerary: even he, who 'laid hands' upon stubborn iron, polished steel, and gleaming brass, till, as with 'touch ethereal,' the metal caught the 'cunning' of the HAND. That Steam Engine is a monster. He tortures the wave into energy and strength; he breathes out its shrieking spirit in a cloud. Man, the Being with the Hand, stands appalled in the presence of the Genius he has conjured. Next, comes the CALORIC ENGINE, a thing like the other, dug from the mine, and shaped by the altar-light of forges, but no monster—not *it*: for it presses hard towards humanity's self. It has lungs of iron, indeed, and no delicate leaves of red life, but then, it is the *calm, blue air* WE breathe, that fills its ponderous cylinders; it is nearer *human* than its panting predecessor, and who shall say, not a more formidable rival?

'And so, every where beneath that dome, from the tapestry, fragrant with its budded flowers, and the Dacca lace of India, the 'woven air' of the Orient, to the magic powder that quickens the dull pulses of Mother Earth into the glowing thoughts of summer, and the thing that champs the steel as the fawn crops the roses, are evidences of the eloquence of the HAND—that true KALEIDOSCOPE of the world, wherein fragments the humblest, and material the paltriest, become, at every motion, new forms of beauty, new combinations of power, new aids for man, in this HOLY ALLIANCE of the Head, the Heart, and the Hand.

A CORRESPONDENT is reminded by the story of, '*Who is that a Portrait of?*' in a late 'Table,' of an incident that a few years since 'fell under his own observation: 'I was one evening whiling away a dull hour in the Albany Museum, and was gazing with humorous intent upon impossible men and women,' labelled 'Siamese Twins,' 'OTHELLO,' 'DESDEMONA,' etc., when I was accosted by a rough, honest, innocent-looking stranger, with, '*Who's that 'are?*' at the same time directing my attention to a 'figger' in wax and cassimere, before him. 'That is WASHINGTON,' I replied, *graciously*, (for I too had once been just from *hum*;) 'don't you see the name there?' pointing to the label. He gazed a moment in apparent silent-admiration; and then pointing to a gaudily-dressed representation of the other sex, inquired: 'Who is the *Woman?*' 'Goddess of LIBERTY,' I replied. The stranger alternated his earnest gaze a moment between the two objects of his inquiry, as if seeking to resolve some perplexing problem, suggested by their juxtaposition; then turning to me with an expression of grave interest on his 'open countenance,' he asked: '*Was she a relation of his'n?*' Fortunately, she was a *near* 'relation,' and I told him so.' - - - THE '*Providence Daily Journal*,' which knows how to give a quiet 'hit' as well as the best of its contemporaries, alluding to the remark of a metropolitan musical critic, that one hundred dollars a night was enough for the very first of the many foreign musical 'artists' who visit our shores, adds:

'SHAMEFUL! why the President of the United States gets three-quarters as much! To be sure we can get music that people understand for a tenth the price; but if we want to hear singing that is entirely above our comprehension, we must pay for it accordingly!'

Exactly: we must pay at a round rate for 'difficult music.' What a grand

thing it would be, if it was *impossible*! Dr. JOHNSON ought to have lived in our day—the days of ‘bursting’ opera speculations, and foreign singers bursting with self-conceit. - - - THAT was a ‘right smart’ medical student at the west, who, when asked how far he had advanced in his studies, replied: ‘I’ve got as far as *Salts*!’ - - - WE didn’t have the recent ‘glorious Fourth’ all to ourselves here at the East. Away out on the Great Prairie of the ‘Far West,’ a correspondent who was thinking of us, here in his native State, was at the same time observant of all that was passing at the moment around him: ‘The fire-cracking ‘Fourth’ is upon us. I heard last night the roar of frontier cannon which proclaimed its advent. After each discharge there was ‘silence in heaven,’ and then the heavy echoes went tumbling down the curved river-shore to the bluffs below, which caught them up like Titans, and hurled them upon wondering Nebraska; and it was rare to hear how the slumbering old territory growled like a giant disturbed in his sleep, and by mouthfuls devoured up the quavering sound. It was an educational-bulletin to the old barbarian, warning him to wake up to ‘progress,’ to acknowledge the right of free-speech, and teaching him no more to waylay travellers and strew the entrance to his cave with their bones, like Giant GRIM. As I heard all this, I said, ‘The Eagle’ ‘is a great bird.’ But when I heard, to-day, two cracked drums and a fife ‘paining the air with dissonance,’ and saw a straggling train of the ‘Sons of’—somebody (I hope) plodding along in the heat, while a very breezy and solitary Son of Freedom, with a ‘shocking bad hat,’ and a coat evidently *rented* for the day, brought up the rear with an indiscriminate swagger which seemed to imply title in fee-simple to the whole town, and a good share of the great day itself, I said, ‘The Eagle is a sad bird, and his tail-feathers draggle in the mud.’ So also seemed to think a handful of Potowatomies, who dashed by on their ponies; fine-looking fellows, almost frightful with paint, and quite gay with scarlet mantles, heavily-fringed leggins, dyed eagle-plumes and jingling spurs. But the Indians have gone to their wigwams, the procession has gone to the ‘bosom of its afflicted families,’ the ‘Fourth’ is put to bed for a year; carried home, incompetent to be a ‘Fourth’ any more; and as I look out upon old Nebraska, with the shadow of night upon it, it seems like the great Future of the Republic—almost terrible for vastness.’ - - - THEY have caught the ‘seductive’ style of advertising from the city journals in the country-newspapers, and rather improved upon it beside. Here is a specimen, from a Michigan gazette:

‘The Tail of the Comet!

is forty degrees in length, but so thin in substance that stars are visible through it. The marvellous tales of some nostrum-mongers are nearly as long, and quite as easily seen through.

‘The proprietor of *Dr. Guyssott’s Electraet of Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla*, however, has no occasion to resort to such tales in order to attract public attention.’

‘Has n’t he, though?’ It looks vastly like it, at any rate! ‘We may be wrong, but that’s our *opinion*!’ - - - WHEN we go up the river with our friend Captain DAVID LAMPMAN, at six o’clock, in the steamer *ERIE*—a great pleasure of itself, for which we are always glad to have an excuse—we cross to Hoboken betimes, take a vehicle from the stand, and in five or ten minutes are at the ‘*Lamartine Cottage*’; and there, on the green grass, under

the thick-shading cherry-trees, dine in the open air, from tables covered with spotlessly white and clean linen, and from dishes, not dear in price, but deliciously cooked and served, in the French style. Moreover, while sitting with E—— over a bottle of light French wine, and smoking a mild Havana, we engage in conversation with Mr. GEORGEOT, or Mr. CARRIAT, the proprietors, who never fail to afford us great enjoyment; being men who have seen the world and know it; men of intelligence, observation, and delicacy of sentiment and manner. Mr. CARRIAT was an officer in NAPOLEON'S army for many years: he loves the very name of the *great* EMPEROR, and despises the *little* one. You should have seen the aged veteran's eyes dilate at the successive explosions of the great sand-blasts on Hoboken Heights, filling the air with smoke and falling rocks: 'Aha!—that is eet!—*that* is eet! That is *like bat-tel*!' It reminded us of WELLINGTON'S troop of superannuated dragoon-horses in the paddock at Strathsfieldsaye, tossing their manes, snorting, forming in line, and rushing to the charge, whenever heaven's artillery thundered in the sky, heralding the 'noise of the captains and the shouting!' - - - THERE is merit in the lines, '*Something About the Moon*,' by a 'moon-struck bard,' but the stanzas are of very unequal excellence. We annex a favorable 'specimen:'

'A MAN, o'ercome with wine, beheld
That self-same winter-moon,
And spying not her horns, he cried:
'Who called thee chaste or temperate, lied!'
For as he reeled, he fancied she
Was in her cups, and drunk as he.

'And e'en a wilder fancy filled
His hot and dizzy brain;
He fancied BARNUM'S Drummond-light
Was at the Moon's imperial height,
And all her starry train
But gas-lights, blinking through the rain.

'A mariner upon the sea
Also beheld that moon;
Glancing athwart the silvery clouds,
It smiled upon the ship's white shrouds,
And on the sea's white foam,
Filling his heart with thoughts of home.

'An old man, bent with years, and gray,
Looked on that winter-moon
Until his eyes were dimmed with tears,
For Memory linked that moon with years
When childhood's simple eye
Saw but a hole cut in the sky.

'The old man gazed and wept: that moon
Brought back the past again,
'Till memories, like a hive of bees,
Swarmed 'round old legends of 'green cheese'
Of which the moon was made,
He thought, while yet a child he played.

'The old man gazed and wept: that moon
Had smiled upon his youth,
And 'neath its soft and tender light
He once had given his heart in plight
Ere Time, with tongue of ruth,
Taught him to doubt if truth *were* truth.

'The old man wept: why should he not?
 Perchance he looked beyond
 That winter-night, and saw that moon
 Treading in silver-sandal shoon
 A sky, whose light should lave —
 Fair as that night — his nameless grave!

'Well do I love the moon: since one,
 With soft and pleading eyes,
 Feels her young heart with joy elate,
 Watching the skies in starry state;
 When the full moon doth rise
 With pomp and glory in the skies,
 Treading their arches wide,
 Like heaven's anointed bride!'

'In years gone by,' writes an Erie (Penn.) correspondent, 'when we were favored with militia-trainings, and 'other *etceteras*,' from which our antipodes and 'the rest of mankind' would judge that we were essentially a war-like people, some rich scenes occasionally 'came off' that were not mentioned in the 'bills.' *Inter alia*: the gallant Colonel S——, who had the honor to command the 'bloody One Hundred and Twelfth' Pennsylvania Militia, who used annually to make their appearance on the public square of the borough of Erie, armed with hoop-poles, broom-sticks, plow-handles, and muskets, without either 'lock, stock, or barrel,' and go through the various evolutions 'layed down' by STEUBEN and SCOTT, and make their onslaughts upon FRV's best eighteen-cent whiskey, 'Deutch pier, piled eggs,' and ginger-bread, had the misfortune to have in his corps an unruly German officer, the gallant Captain E——, who, without the fear of a court-martial before his eyes, disobeyed the orders of his colonel on the 'field.' The COLONEL'S dignity had been offended, and his honor had received a wound that could only be healed by the punishment of Captain E——. The regiment was disbanded, and the Colonel tried to forget the indignity; but the more he tried to drive it from his recollection, 'the more it wouldn't go,' and so he brooded over his wrath until, like the concealed fires of the volcano, it *must* break forth. It disturbed his thoughts by day and his dreams by night, and it could be pent up no longer. He called to him his trusty aid, the brave Major W——, bade him array himself in full uniform, with big gloves reaching to his elbows, and a long sword dangling by his side, capped by a chapeau and a nodding-plume, and commanded him to arrest Captain E——, and take his sword. Major W——, in pursuance of his orders, at mid-day, to the very great amusement of the 'boys,' both of large and smaller growth, marched through the principal street of the borough to the quarters of Captain E——, (a saddler's-shop,) and found him in wax up to his elbows, hard at work. Upon his entrance, the Major doffed his chapeau in true military style, and said: 'Captain E——, I am directed by Colonel S—— to inform you that you are to consider yourself under arrest, and to demand your sword.' Captain E——, drawing himself up to his full height, and perhaps doubting the solvency of Colonel S——, said: 'Major, dere be hang my sword, and you dell Gurnel S—— w'en he bay me den dollar, w'at him gost, he git him!' The MAJOR left 'in disgust,' but 'satisfied.' - - - The ensuing stanzas, writ-

ten for this Magazine, are from the felicitous pen of Mr. B. F. TAYLOR, from whose desultory prose-writings we have already quoted many passages of rare merit. They combine beautiful sentiment with admirable versification :

‘IT WILL ALL BE RIGHT IN THE MORNING.’

I.

WHEN the bounding beat of the heart of love,
And the springing step, grow slow;
When the form of a cloud in the blue above
Lies dark on the path below,
The song that he sings is lost in a sigh,
And he turns where a STAR is dawning,
And he thinks, as it gladdens his heart and his eye:
‘It will all be right in the morning!’

II.

When ‘the strong man armed,’ in the middle-watch,
From life’s dim deck is gazing,
And strives, through the wreck of the tempest, to catch
A gleam of the day-beam’s blazing;
Amid the wild storm, there hard by the helm,
He heeds not the dark ocean yawning;
For this song in his soul not a sorrow can overwhelm:
‘It will all be right in the morning!’

III.

When the battle is done, the harp unstrung,
Its music trembling—dying;
When his woes are unwept, and his deeds unsung,
And he longs in the grave to be lying,
Then a VOICE shall charm, as it charmed before
He had wept or waited the dawning:
‘They do love there for aye—I’ll be thine as of yore—
‘It will all be right in the morning!’

IV.

Thus all through the world, by ship and by shore;
Where the mother bends over
The cradle, whose tenant ‘has gone on before;’
Where the eyes of the lover
Light the way to the soul; whatever the word,
A welcome, a wail, or a warning,
This is every where cherished—this every where heard:
‘It will all be right in the morning!’

A FRIEND and correspondent, away off in Saint Joseph’s, Missouri, in a pleasant letter to the Editor, says: ‘When I am reminded of any thing, I believe it is a good plan to follow up the hint, for it is seldom I am so fortunate. Looking out the window just now, I saw a bill on the post inviting the good people to come to a panorama of some thing to-night. I burst into a laugh, which might have been heard in Nebraska, but checked myself instantly, for I saw a tribe of Indians camped on the opposite shore, and I have no idea of having the best part of my head (the ornamental) scalped off for violating the quiet of their territory. Upon my soul, I mean no offence to them, nor the gentleman of this panorama, nor panoramas in general, but this is what I was reminded of: Not long ago, in a New-York village, I went to see the ‘*Panorama of Creation*,’ as many an honest person did, too, and paid his shilling at the door. The room of the exhibition was well enough, and a

piano was stationed just in front of the foot-lights, presided over by a young lady, to furnish the 'music of the spheres' and other symphonies of creation. The exhibitor was concealed behind the scenes, and as the process of creation slowly developed itself, read, in a high-keyed, doleful voice, the record of the awful mystery from Genesis—the lady twanging in at intervals. They made the void and the darkness, the water and the dry land, and 'brought forth the grass' in an incredibly short space; and when the reader came to that sublime passage, 'And God made two lights; the greater light to rule the day; and the lesser light to rule the night; He made the stars also;' some dozen stars pricked through the blue firmament, and 'gan twinkle' as bright as they could on the fearful scene! At this moment, the piano 'tuned,' and to the 'surprise and delight of the audience, the dulcet maiden struck up the song:

'WHEN stars are in the quiet skies,
Then most I pine for thee;
Bend on me then thy tender eyes
As stars look on the sea!'

I wonder what MOSES thinks of that young lady! There is no doubt that if the FATHER OF OUR COUNTRY had been present, he would have requested the by-stander to 'saw his leg off' a trifle above the knee-joint. A friend of mine has sent me a most amusing 'law-p'int,' which, although it is already travel-worn, I think too good to sleep in manuscript:

'MARK S—— was a very fair specimen of that class of pettifoggers who thrive in some of the by-towns. He had, in his early youth, (shrewd people suspected,) possessed a conscience; but coming to years of discretion, he had dispensed with the superfluity, and now stood untrammelled. MARK used to try small causes in Justices' Courts, and looked upon himself as a model of jurisprudence. His principal *forte*, and that on which he prided himself most, lay in the examination of witnesses. MARK boasted that he could 'worm the truth out of a stone;' and perhaps he could: he had wormed the truth completely out of himself, and *he* approximated somewhat to a stone. In consequence of some rather 'sharp practice' in a suit in which he officiated both as counsel and witness, MARK had reason to suspect that the District Attorney was preparing, in a merry way, an indictment against him for perjury; and being disposed to humor the joke, he carried it out still farther—and himself with it; disappearing from his accustomed haunts; and, until the affair had blown over, sojourning—'on a little law-business,' as he afterward said, when thereto closely interrogated—on Snipe-Hill, a kind of Whitefriars, or city of refuge for small criminals; being the same place of which some body said the inhabitants had broken every law, Sabbath, and sheriff's head, for the last ten years. And MARK made a good Snipe-Hillian, for he was n't the man to resist public opinion—'not by no means.'

'Well, after his return, he was one day trying a cause before a Justice, in his usual happy way, in which he had exerted himself, if possible, more than usual to render the position of the witnesses unhappy. At last a boy was called as a witness by the opposition, to whom MARK objected on the ground of his simplicity; that he was '*non compos*,' as MARK sagely remarked; and he insisted on the *voir dire*. The boy was accordingly sworn on the preliminary examination, and MARK, assuming his sternest face, and looking at the boy as though he would eye him into a fit:

'Boy,' said he, 'who made you?'

'The LORD, I thpothe,' lisped the boy: 'who made *you*?'

'Never mind who made *me*,' said MARK: 'folks say you are a fool: how is it?'

'Do they?' answered the witness; 'thath no thign. Thome folkth thay't you won't cheat. Folkth *will* lie, you thee.'

'Boy, no impertinence!' said MARK, glowering fiercely, as the Justice checked the subdued snicker that ran around the room. 'Suppose you were to commit perjury: do you know what *that* means?'

'Yeth, Sir: thwearing to a lie; juth what *you* did lath winter, aint it?'

'The witness is clearly incompetent—a rank fool!' appealed MARK to the Court; but the Court 'could n't see it so,' and MARK proceeded:

'Well, suppose you were to commit perjury, and swear falsely?—where would you go to?'

'To Thnipe-Hill, I thpothe,' drawled the boy, 'where *you* went latht winter!'

'The Court smiled a grim smile, and the boy was admitted to testify. MARK did n't gain that suit, as appears from the Justice's docket.'

By-THE-BYE, 'speaking of lawyers:' the acute reasoning of an impertinent lawyer was well repulsed in another 'ilk' quite recently. A prosecution under the 'Maine Law' was on trial. The 'State's Attorney,' who thought he was a 'cute chap,' was trying to make out his case through circumstantial evidence, by showing that the defendant had the means of crime in his house. He called an undoubted 'customer' to the stand, a man who would know a rum-jug 'at sight,' and with him held the following colloquy:

LAWYER: 'Mr. SARGENT, were you ever in BENJAMIN KIMBALL's bar-room?'

WITNESS: 'Yes S-i-r-r!'

LAWYER: 'Did you see any liquor there?'

WITNESS: 'No S-i-r-r!'

LAWYER: 'Did you see any thing *containing* liquors there?'

WITNESS: 'Not as I knows of.'

LAWYER: 'Did you see any decanters or tumblers there?'

WITNESS: 'No S-i-r-r!'

LAWYER: 'Did you see any barrels or kegs there?'

WITNESS: 'Yes: I see some *kags* there!'

LAWYER: 'Ah, yes, (exultingly,) you *did*, then, see some kegs? Now, Sir, tell the jury what there *was* in those kegs?'

WITNESS: 'I do' no; I did n't look in.'

LAWYER: 'Yes, Sir; but were there not marks upon the outside?—tickets, or labels, or printing, or writing, of some kind?'

WITNESS: 'Yes, well there *was*; I remember it neōw; I veōw I should have forgot it if you had n't put me in mind!'

LAWYER: 'Oh yes, you *do* remember: just state, then, Sir, before you forget, what there *was* printed or written.'

WITNESS: 'It was different on all of 'em; none on 'em had it alike.'

LAWYER: 'Well, Sir, tell us what it said on the *first* one you saw.'

WITNESS: 'Well, I mostly forget neōw, but I bleve it said GIN on the fust 'un.'

LAWYER: 'GIN!' Then, Sir, I guess we can find out what there was in those kegs, if you *did n't* look in. Now, Sir, tell us what it said on the *next* one?'

WITNESS: 'Well, on the next one it said 'BEN KIMBALL,' but I did n't suppose Ben Kimball was inside the *kag*!'

'ABEDNEGO BABCOCK, Esq.,' of whom 'OLLAPOD' wrote years ago, would have been awakened from his stupor, and startled from his gravity, by the roar which was heard in court after this answer. - - - Our friend 'Mr. K. N. PEPPER, Esq.,' as we gather from a friend, says he is 'egstrimili greattle' for the kindness which 'has been shode two him' in bringing his 'pome' of the 'Alegaiter and Water-Snaik' 'intwo contact with the world,' and thinks the compositor must 'no a grate dele' to be able to 'punctify' so accurately 'when he coodent be well aquantid with the stile.' He is glad, he says, to find that the 'spelink' was perfect. Having noticed symptoms of displeasure

at the omission of a portion of his 'pome,' and the accompanying 'reflecks,' 'I assured him,' says our correspondent, 'that he ought to feel grateful that space had been found for any part of his tedious 'pome;' so he said, resignedly, and with a sigh, 'Well!' Having the other day found that many of the western papers had copied the 'effusium' with laudatory comments, he could contain himself no longer, but immediately conceived and gave birth to a sentimental '*Solilegy*,' which he is pleased to project at a '*Berd on the Fens*.' Of course, with such a subject, he had no chance for the display of his accustomed fire and energy; but he thinks these well replaced by the tender melancholy and melting pathos in which the production abounds. He has taken, he writes, 'moar panes with the punktooashun' this time, and says it will save the 'tipe-setr a werld of trubl.' He seems to be afraid lest some critic should pronounce the 'pome' an emanation from 'too diferent heds,' and says it 'mite maik sum diferens with his faim.' But I obey his injunction, send you the 'pome,' and 'speke a good werd for him:'

S o l i l e g y ,

A D D R E S S E D T O A B E R D O N T H E F E N S .

C O M P O S E D B Y M R . K . N . P E P P E R , E S Q .

W H I L S T R E C L I N I N G O N T O A S H E D C L O S T B Y E .

'Mi pirty litle Animle a-setting onto the picits,
How fur hev you flew two da, sa pirty Berd.
(do n't stir; i a'nt looking, so be not in hurry.)
How ide like fur two set their on the nex picit.
ef it woodent hurt and mi heft woodent brak down the fens.
& you wood sta & let me smooth of the fethers.
(its moast butifle Ploomige, i deklar: but two resoom:)
How i long fur yure wings, pirty Bird, so i could fli
of. ide leve this werld, i wood, & go sumers els.
Your vois is so swete two (i wonder if tha put shuger in
w'en it was maid.) how i wood like two be a
Singin' al da, & at nite go to roost on a lim:
Careles: in slepe ide dreme of mi mait, & sa
'Hope you're dreming of me likewais, mi mait.'
Ken you fli two the clods & bak in a minit?
So cood i, mi pirty, ef i onli had your wings.
But you woodent kech me a-comink back tho,
after ide got sich a start: O know, pirty Animle!
ide fli two the Hevinks & git priet on the pints of the stars,
ide pic at the man in the Moon, and maik him wink his left i.
ide—— what's use a-talkin' w'en you do n't no nothink?
You a'nt me. You're onli a swete pirty Berd
Always a cheruping, & you a'nt meloncolic & sad.
But i am: ime ful of potry and felink, and
Auther of varis pomes: but o ide sa go
Two al, ef i cood onli fli with wings.
How ide look down & se ryvers a-runink,
With men onto the banks, a-keching of fish,
& Bufalows a-romink the prayris, with hare
al stremlink, & ingens a-shootin' at ramden with bos & ars.
ide fli two South Ameriky & sea the Snaiks
In the gingles a-crawlin' & swalerin' of litle Bois.
& then ide fli to Afriky & sea the elifans,
i fiting with the rinoserus, & giving of him fits
with his trunc, w'ile he wos a-gitting of his bowls
chaingd by the ivery Tusc of his Enemy.
Afore ide got much tand by the fur-from-cool
Son belonging to Afriky, ide fli two Aishy,
In hailing the C are on mi wa to the country.

& think two Banish the smel of the Afriken natives.
 In gloris Aishy ide se meny a tyger
 a-chaisink the Chynes, & biting a pese from the leg,
 Wich wood maik me so sad ide presently come over to Rooshy,
 Wonderink wat maiks Mr. CEZAR so proud of his Cussax.
 (first talking a lingering look at the tal fousls in Chyny:)
 Next frum Rooshy ide come into Tirky, being so ni.
 Not expectting two se much on acound of the smok.
 But not risking a sques on the nec with a bo-strink,
 By refusing two dine at Sublim Poard with the sultin.

‘But, dere litle Berdy, ant you tyerd a-folowink
 Mi fortins, & not having no help frum your wings?
 Onhappy Animle! how sorry i am ime so crule.
 Ef i hadent a-sudently thot of your felinks
 I mite have onfortinently carid you al over Ewrup.
 But cuming hoam o’ar the oshun wil sune restore helth.
 Now you’re hoam! Want that did quic, perty Berdy?’

‘But the cus hes flew, & desirited the picit,
 And nothink is left but i & the shed & the fens,
 Nun of wich cant fli. Ongreatful litle rip,
 After al mi delicate atenshuns, hese threw bac
 Sech welth of afeckshun into my pend-up boosum.
 So it alers hes ben. O i shel di i thinc
 By sooiside after ive rote 2 or 3 moar pomes.
 In 1 i shel bid fairwel to a werld onfelink,
 & maik it so harowing and afeckting
 That every body cant help shedding torens of tiers,
 & being blindded like, for several das, by wo.
 & al the laydis wil were ‘K. N. PEPPER Esq.,’ onto pin-cooshins,
 & wish he hadent a cum two sech a woilent End.
 He so young & hansum two: but I can’t go on.
 i fele bad: ile desend frum my eminens & tak suthin’ warm.
 Fairwel wicid werld; & you onfelink Berd, adoo!’

THE recent celebration at Plymouth-Rock was in all respects worthy the occasion. The literary exercises, both written and oral, reflected high honor upon both writers and speakers. The speech of Mr. EVERETT, especially, was every way admirable. It reminded us, as we read it, that lofty American oratory did not altogether die out with the eloquent and lamented WEBSTER. We cannot resist the inclination to quote one brief passage from the speech in question:

‘THE poor solitary *May-Flower* has multiplied herself into the thousand vessels that bear the flag of the Union to every sea; has scattered her progeny through the land to the number of nearly a quarter of a million for every individual in that drooping company of one hundred; and in place of that simple compact, which was signed in her cabin, has exhibited to the admiration of mankind a Constitution of Republican Government for all this growing family of prosperous States.

‘But the work is in its infancy. It must extend throughout the length and breadth of the land; and what is not done directly by ourselves, must be done by other governments and other races, by the light of our example. The work—the work must go on. *It must reach, at the North, to the enchanted cave of the magnet, within never-melting barriers of Arctic ice; it must bow to the lord of day on the altar-peak of Chimborazo; it must look up and worship the Southern Cross! From the easternmost cliff on the Atlantic, that blushes in the kindling dawn, to the last promontory on the Pacific, which catches the parting kiss of the setting sun, it must make the out-goings of the morning and evening to rejoice in the glad some light of morals, and letters, and arts.* Emperors, and kings, and parliaments—the oldest and the strongest Governments in Europe—must engage in this work in some part or other of the continent; but no part of it shall be so faithfully and successfully performed as that which was undertaken on the spot where we are now gathered, by the Pilgrim Fathers of New-England.

‘When we contrast the heart-stricken company which on that day knelt and wept on

the quay at Delft Haven, till the impassive spectators—ignorant of the language in which their prayers were offered, and the deep fountains of grief from which their sorrows flowed—were yet fain to melt in sympathetic tears—when we compare them with the busy, prosperous millions of our present New-England, we seem to miss that due proportion between results and their causes, which history delights to trace. But a deeper and more appreciative study reveals the secret.

'There are two Master Ideas, greatest of the spiritual images enthroned in the mind of man, the only ones, comparatively speaking, which deserve a name among men, springs of all the grand beneficent movements of modern times, by whose influence the settlement of New-England may be rationally explained. You have anticipated me, descendants of the Pilgrims; these Great Ideas are GOD and LIBERTY! It was these that inspired our Fathers; by these that their weakness was clothed with power; that their simplicity was transmuted to wisdom; by these that the great miracle of their enterprise was wrought.'

No wonder that with a delivery 'of grace and energy all compact,' these kindling sentences should have brought the vast audience who heard them involuntarily to their feet, and rent the air with 'long-continued applause.' The sentences in Italics are entirely WEBSTERIAN. - - - An old and highly-valued friend, in one of the midland-counties of this our beloved native 'Empire State,' tells us a story which edges a little upon 'Woman's Rights:' 'A country-clergyman, who is pious, and exact in the performance of every duty, whether secular or religious, is in the habit, every evening before retiring to his study, of waiting upon his wife, (a 'strong-minded woman,') to receive any commands she may choose to give. His speech is measured and his manner punctilious. He always knocks respectfully at the door of the sitting-room, and scrupulously waits for an invitation to 'walk in.' Madame generally sits by her table reading some great reform-speech, or writing a letter to the New-York '*Independent*.' The door opens; a deferential bow is acknowledged by a nod: 'Mistress MILLS, I have milked the cow and fed the pigs; washed the dishes, and put the children to bed. Is there any thing more, Mistress MILLS?' A silent shake of the head assures him of a negative, and he retires satisfied!' - - - We have received an invitation to a '*Cotillion-Party*,' at 'Independence-Hall,' Johnston, but where that place is, we are not made aware, and therefore cannot 'come to time' with the music, which it is promised, on our card of invitation, shall be 'first-rate.' Over the card we find this motto, intended, we presume, to remove the scruples of all fastidious persons, opposed to dancing:

'REFERRING to that circumstance,
We find that DAVID he did dance
Before the Ark, as we do read,
In honor to his God indeed.'

It is not often that one is glad to have been found in error; but it affords us very great pleasure to admit that *we* have been in error in a very important matter, at least to one of the parties concerned. In announcing the publication by our friends MESSRS. PUTNAM AND COMPANY, of '*Hall's Legends of the West*,' we spoke of them as having been 'corrected by the author before his death.' Having received a letter from Mr. HALL, 'repudiating' this statement, we are bound to believe him. He observes: 'Permit me to indulge in a philosophical remark, which is this: it is not true that 'listeners never hear any good of themselves.' The pleasant remarks you were pleased to bestow upon my poor writings, after you supposed my back to be turned, came directly to my ear, and for once, at least, I 'heard some good of myself.'

Without any eaves-dropping about the matter, I happened to be still lingering on the threshold, and enjoyed the luxury of knowing what would be said of me after I was gone, and the gratification of finding out that one amiable and just-minded person remembered me with kindness. I am not aware that I have any enemies who would be unjust to my 'literary remains,' but it is soothing to be assured that I have friends who may regard them with partiality.' - - - The editor of the '*Vermont Watchman*' has been imposed upon by the meanest of the entire tribe of thieves. The poem entitled '*Pebbles*,' given in that journal as '*A Meditation*,' and as an original effusion, is simply a 'meditated' larceny. It was contributed originally to the KNICKERBOCKER by Mr. EDWARD WILLETT, of this city. - - - We give the following letter, which was addressed to the Great Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations in Reservoir-Square, in these words: '*This for the Lords and Gentlemen fur to Look at of this Exhibition New-York.*' It accompanied an exceedingly beautiful walking-stick, which reflects great credit upon the patient skill of the maker :

'february 3 1853

'To your Lords and gentlemen

'I have taking the trubl of Presenting to this great Exhibition a Walking stick of my own Workman ship Cut and Carved only With a nife and file out of a sigmore stick of my own grown on myself.

'I never Was Printess to any thing only as God give me instructions But I get my Living By Clock Cleaning and Repairing. What I taking of my self I saved By my industrey a nuf to Bild a Little lot to Live in my self.

'so now I Wish this stick to Be Presented to his Hon'r the mayer of this grand new york Exhibition when Removed from this Place if his thinks it Worth having it represents 6 serpents 2 old ones and 4 young one one old one is sworling the young one and the other is Coming out of it mouth and 2 Larger ones the head of the stick Represent a mans baered and Wig and a Widow Wake or 1 at the Border was Cut in the soled Wood ware they are and 2 Crockediles Croling up the stick.

sirs

'I Remain your humble sirvent

J — P —
'Mashbury Essex

'New-Chelmsford inglan'

'THE characteristic anecdote about the negro and the hat, in the last KNICKERBOCKER,' writes a 'Hudson-River friend,' 'calls to mind an incident told by FRED. C —, strongly illustrative of a phase of character in the party concerned. Perceiving a relative of SHYLOCK fishing on a Sunday morning from a rock in the neighborhood of DOBB'S Ferry, or some where in that region, he accosted him somewhat thus: 'A pleasant Sunday. That is a very handsome rod you have there. What would you take for it?' 'Ah! I dink a gerhate deal of dat rod. I've owned it for twenty year. I pra-ize it almost as much as I would an *old gharment*!' - - - A FRIEND (who is always welcome,) sends us this account of the rapid 'circulation' of one of our most widely-diffused contemporaries: 'The other day, as the Hudson River Express train was passing Fishkill, and *in transitu*, a large package, containing HARPER'S Magazine, was thrown out, which being insufficiently tied, came apart, and, being drawn into the suction of the wheels, was reduced nearly to original rags. For half a mile, the road was strewn with fragments of tales, essays, and poems, and appeared like a highway of letters. The leaves of DICKENS' '*Bleak House*' were scattered broad-cast, and all the houses on the way-side were supplied with reading for a month *gratis*. It

was curious to see the wheels of the engine, tender, and carriages, which were surely never so *tired* with reading. That this magazine is in the first instance worked off by steam, is a fact well known; but in the present case it was 'circulated' and 'delivered' by the same process. Probably no number was ever better digested. It was entirely devoured.' - - - We have received from Reading, (Penn.,) a little pamphlet-poem, entitled '*Ourselves*,' which was delivered before the 'Literary Society' of that beautiful and flourishing town, a pleasant visit to which, made many years ago, we 'marked,' at the time, with a 'white stone.' The poem was accompanied by a note from the author (*stat nominis umbra*), in which he says: 'I send you herewith, a pamphlet, facetiously entitled a '*poem*;' although that is probably the only facetious thing about it. It is called a 'poem' because the lines begin with capitals and end with rhymes. Beside, they contain, on an average, ten syllables each, and can be sung to the tune of 'Old Hundred,' by omitting any two syllables in a line, which operation will not materially injure the sense. I wrote that poem—I did. Do you think you could read it? Try. There is no knowing what can be accomplished by an 'effort.' Well, we have made the 'effort,' and found the exercise both easy and pleasant. It contains a very graphic picture of the performers and audience of a country debating-society; and in a style of easy versification, 'hits off,' with no little satirical skill, the salient points of the writer's theme. Perhaps some of our metropolitan readers will recognize in this scene some resemblance to similar displays at our college-commencements, when bright smiles and gay bouquets rain down upon the favored orator or poet:

'The all-important eve, at length, has come.
Speak now, or be for ever after dumb!
He feels he must do justice to himself,
At risk of being laid upon the shelf,
Or, more remorselessly, to be cast out
Like a crack'd tea-pot, which no more can 'spout.'

'Before the critics next we see him stand,
The words that burn yet flutter in his hand,
Words, stitched with ribbon, and a fancy bow,
For he's the *beau* of some fair friend below;
Some second Dona, who thus seeks to share
The laurels, which her hero soon shall wear,
Yet now demurely views the speaker's place,
As though she really scarcely knew his face,
While, if her secret thought she dared to tell,
'T would be, 'None here, to-night, looks half so well.'
And so he should; though once the notion was
A proverb: 'Handsome is as handsome does.'
Yet now, good looks must also bear a part,
And ladies look beyond the head or heart.
His toilet has with nicest skill been made,
His *tout ensemble* in the glass surveyed.
See with what happy skill his careless care
Has given a touch artistic to his hair;
And 'bear's oil'—lately thine, O faithful ox!
Shines on the raven or the auburn locks.
The collar stands so stiffly, that our fears
Are painful for the safety of his ears.
An ample scarf around his neck is seen,
Of fancy hue, brown, scarlet, blue, or green;
A vest to match—of sombre black the rest—
Dress'd is the lecturer—we shall be addressed.'

Here is a dash at the critics of the *nil admirari* school, which is applicable in many another meridian than that of Reading :

'ADMIT we then, of all who come, one-half
Are here resolved to listen, or to laugh ;
The rest employ their time, just as they can :
Some with a critic's eye each sentence scan,
Think, '*that* may pass,' but '*this* they must condemn,
'For others it may do, but not for them.'
Practice has taught them how much merit lies
If not in being, yet in looking wise.
One motto learned, and the whole art is got :
'Assume a virtue, though you have it not.'
It gives to young Endeavor proper fear
To know how justly withering is your sneer :
One pitying smile from you should stop their breath ;
One shrug is censure, and your censure death.

'A word in parting, critics great and small,
Critics within, critics without this hall :
Do not forget that 'tis as easy quite
To censure others, as it is to write :
And ere you blame the work that others do,
However humble, let us hear from *you*.'

'I HAVE seen one die—in the maturity of every power, in the earthly perfection of every faculty ; when many obstacles had been overcome, and many hard lessons had been learned ; when many experiments had made success easy ; had given facility to endeavor and triumph to action ; and when skill had been laboriously acquired in the use of many powers. Friendship, and love, and conjugal and fraternal fondness, and infant weakness, stretched out their hands to save him—but they could *not* save him—and he died ! Is there no land of the blessed for such to live in ? Forbid it, reason, religion, bereaved affection—undying hope ! It cannot be that *such* die, even from frail human memory, for ever !'

THESE thoughts came forcibly to mind recently, as we stood by the bed on which lay all that was earthly of the late HEZEKIAH C. SEYMOUR, whose recent demise has been mentioned in nearly all the public journals. Mr. SEYMOUR returned from Cincinnati, Ohio, to his residence at Piermont a little before the Fourth of July, on which day he entertained a party of ladies and gentlemen at dinner. On the evening of the next day, he returned from New-York seriously indisposed, and the following day his complaint assumed the form of a virulent bilious dysentery, which, despite the assiduous attentions and practised skill of his old friend and resident physician, Dr. HOPSON, and Doctors WHITING and PARKER of New-York, and the most watchful nursing terminated fatally on the evening of the twenty-fourth. The night before the day of his death, some slight hopes had been kindled in the minds of his family and friends, that, although he was greatly prostrated, the *symptoms* of his disorder had taken a favorable turn. But at five o'clock on Sunday morning his faithful man EDWARD awoke us with the sad news : 'Mr. SEYMOUR is dying !' We repaired immediately to his beautiful residence ; and as we walked up the slope of the hill, and looked off upon the sweet contented fields of summer, with harvests ripe for the sickle, the distant mountains, and the broad river upon which we had so often gazed with our friend, we could not help thinking how hard a thing it was to pass on

such a day, from so beautiful a world. The sufferer was much emaciated, but his senses were clear, and his eyes wore an unnatural brightness. They looked *beyond* the earth; and our dying friend seemed to say:

‘THE world recedes—it DISAPPEARS!
HEAVEN opens on my eyes!’

‘L——,’ said he, as we entered, ‘we have been much together, but we must *part here!*’ His weeping family stood around his bed, while he was struggling with the Invisible Conqueror, to each of whom he separately addressed the most affectionate and moving appeals and counsels. He retained his reason until half an hour or so before his death, when his mind began to wander: ‘and presently he fell asleep!’ An intimate personal friend, for many years, of the lamented deceased, we can confirm the high eulogium passed upon his character in the following brief biographical sketch from the ‘*Times*’ daily journal:

‘In the year 1835, after having been engaged in similar but less extensive duties on other roads, Mr. SEYMOUR assumed the labors of Engineer on the New-York and Erie Rail-road; acting in which capacity, he continued until he was appointed General Superintendent of the same great enterprise. He resigned this office in 1849, and was soon after elected State-Engineer and Surveyor, the duties of which he performed to entire public acceptance. While holding this high and important station, he was elected Chief Engineer of the Ontario, Huron, and Lake Simcoe Rail-road, in Canada-West, running from Toronto to Lake Huron. This office he transferred to another, in the spring of 1852, upon becoming interested in important rail-road contracts, involving altogether an amount of expenditure exceeding thirty-five millions of dollars. Among the more important of these are the great Ohio and Mississippi Rail-road, from Cincinnati to Saint Louis, the Louisville and Nashville Rail-road, and the Air-Line Road between New-York and Boston.

‘Mr. SEYMOUR was a man of quick discernment, correct judgment, and prompt decision. His forecast and sagacity were eminently displayed in his prosecution and management of all the public works with which he became connected. It is to his wise discernment that the public are indebted for the introduction of the ‘wide gauge’ upon the New-York and Erie Rail-road, which has been followed by so many other roads in the country. This great improvement was carried by a report of his to the President and Board of Directors. Its simple reasoning overcame all opposition to the measure.

‘As a scientific and practical engineer, he was held in the highest esteem; and his predictions of the results of the roads he constructed, were found to be little short of actual prophecies. No man in America exceeded him in the practical knowledge of constructing, equipping, and working rail-roads. He saw clearly, decided promptly, and acted vigorously.

‘He was a man of unswerving integrity, and conscientious uprightness of conduct, in all the relations and the business of life. No man was more esteemed and beloved by his friends. He was frank, open-hearted, generous; and there are hundreds who will read these lines—some made rich, and others in the way of becoming so—who owe their good fortune entirely to their benefactor’s unselfish disregard of his own. A more affectionate father, a kinder husband, a truer friend, a better neighbor, could nowhere be found. Grateful hearts will follow his remains to their last resting-place to-day, and bitter, bitter tears will fall from many eyes upon the early grave which enshrouds his manly form.

‘It is a consolation for his surviving friends to know, that as he lived so he died, a conscientious, *practical* Christian. His life was one of gentleness and good deeds, and ‘his last end was peace.’ Green be the turf that covers that cold heart, once so warm; and sweet the repose from which he will awake in ‘another and a better world!’

And there is his grave, in the cemetery of Rockland, a little way from his

own groves, where we have so often walked and talked together; in sight of the verdant landscape upon which he loved to gaze, and below which, to the base of the distant mountains, extends the New-York and Erie Rail-road, so long the object of his unwearied care, in its linked course to the Great Pacific. Gone—gone: reposing in darkness and silence! ‘Good God! how often are we to *die*, before we go quite off this stage? In every friend, we lose a part of ourselves, and the best part.’ ‘God keep those we have left!’ is our fervent aspiration. - - - How little did our Iowa friend know the amount and variety of pleasure he was affording us, when he sent us the abundant ears of the lofty prairie-corn, which embellished the buck-horns in our town-sanctum during the fall and winter months! Not ten minutes ago, after trailing up the bright red tomatoes—there will be ten bushels of them, at least—we took a tall step-ladder, and went up with a friend into the corn, to tie it up to long ‘slats,’ or poles, driven into the ground. There are numerous green cones, every day, growing more stalwart, that we cannot stand on tip-toe and reach; and above *them*, too, rises ‘the *full* corn in the ear.’ Wait until the American Institute opens, and ‘you will see what you shall see!’ Eighteen-feet stalks, with stout ears upon them, or there is no truth in prophecy. That institution once threw out our invention of the ‘*Patent Back-Action Self-Acting Hen-Persuader*:’ let us see, anon, whether an arbitrary committee, ‘dressed in a little brief authority,’ will dare to repudiate NATURE in the same way! Surely, as the *ci-devant* tragedian, MACREADY, would say, ‘They can—ah—not—a—*do-it*, ah!’ - - - We hardly know how to classify the style of the following. There is a touch of knight-errantry in it: it is also slightly oriental: likewise it smacks of LIPPARD: and it ‘favors’ withal the celestial manner of Commissioner LIN, of China, in his vermillion edicts against opium:

‘KING DUMDUDRUM arose, and wrapped around him the mantle of his wrath. He said, ‘I will frown!’ And he frowned, and sped him with rarefied celerity to the Hill of SAVIUS. There, upon the top-most rock, he with his courtiers ‘quenched’ their tripotodovical thirst.

‘Again he frowned, so that his eye-brows and his mustachoes did mingle. King DUMDUDRUM then drew forth his royal sabre, and treated it to a concoction of mosquito-stings, rubbed on with an illuminated brick-bat, from the hat of an Irish mayor, and said: ‘SRUBBS!’

‘Again he speaks:

‘‘Bring forth the huge *peretrinctum*, and bind it fast to the *geptack*!’

‘It was done!

‘DUMDUDRUM is no more! His sceptre is in the mud: and pewter-shelled clams respect it not!’

THE time is very soon coming, when the village of Piermont, in Rockland county, and the beautiful and pleasant building-sites which surround it on every hand, will be filled with delightful country-residences. We know of no vicinity which presents so many advantages as this. And yet there are very few persons who are aware of the fact. Seen from the broad Tappaän-Zee, Piermont and its surroundings appear to be simply a small village, at the foot of long, gradual declivities, and various heights ad-

jacent, which are supposed, of course, to command a fine view of the 'water-scape.' But it is the *combination* of rare beauties, of which the distant observer is wholly ignorant, which constitutes the great charm of Piermont and its vicinity. In summer, it is by some two or three degrees the coolest side of the Hudson. The east bank of the river is certainly beautiful, and princely dwellings adorn the shores; but for the most part, there is no view save the river-view. Not so at Piermont. From the gentle slopes, exuberant in soil, and admirable for building-sites, the eye wanders over the richest valleys for twenty or thirty miles south and west and north-west, terminating in lofty ranges of mountains, pale-blue in the distance; well wooded, well watered, fertile, and quilted with fields of dark green maize, or golden with summer harvests waving in the breeze. Over the small river that runs along the rail-road through the village, and extending for some two miles toward the upward slope that terminates in the northern line of the 'Palisades,' are some of the most lovely sites for country-residences to be found within a hundred miles of the metropolis. Both the river and interior views are almost boundless: the trees, the old primeval forest-trees, have been preserved, in many places, for shade; the cleared fields and meadows are ready for lawns; the soil is of rare fertility; the air pure, and the water good and abundant. Piermont and its immediate vicinity are at present less accessible, it may be, than the villages on the eastern bank of the Hudson; yet the pier is reached by steamer three times each day, after a brief and delightful sail, and is connected also by a small-boat ferry with the way-trains on the Hudson River Rail-Road. It needs only to be visited to be appreciated. We risk nothing in predicting that, in less than six years, the situations we have indicated will be crowded with country villas and neat cottage-residences. We shall have somewhat more to say upon this subject hereafter. - - - An esteemed correspondent says: 'I wish, my dear KNICKERBOCKER, to lay down the moral law on the subject of *Umbrellas*, which Christian people will observe. Some who make great pretensions have a slender appreciation of some principles handsomely engraved some time ago on Mount Sinai. The very judge who condemns a criminal to the penitentiary, if the law were rightly executed which he expounds, is often himself a thief. Will he tell us in what code it is laid down that umbrellas are a thing in common?—that they may be seized upon and appropriated, wherever found, without consideration? This then, O honest people! is the *Law of Umbrellas*:

'SECTION I. If you are away from home, and caught suddenly in a shower, and you see an umbrella standing in some corner, for which there appears to be no owner, and, being much in need of it, to save you from a wet jacket, you take it *sans cérémonie*—that is *stealing*.

'SECTION II. If you have a cotton umbrella, and in your haste to get away, or because the lights in the hall are dim, exchange it for a neat silk umbrella—that is *stealing*.

'SECTION III. If, in stress of weather, you borrow one from an obliging friend who insists on your taking it, and do not impress it upon your recollection to restore it to him the next day, that is—*stealing*.

'SECTION IV. If you find a stray umbrella in your house, which has been accidentally left, and you give it house-room without making any effort to find the bereaved owner—that is *stealing*.

'SECTION V. If you make the beneficent showers which are the gift of God a pretext for breaking His laws, then you are — *worse* than a thief.

'N. B. — Keep a shocking bad hat always on hand, if you do not wear one constantly on your head; and you will be relieved from a great temptation to sinning.'

HERE is a question for the consideration of our friend 'up the river,' from a Milledgeville (Georgia) correspondent: 'I am always delighted with the fresh and sparkling epistles of your 'up-river' correspondent, and never lay them aside among the 'sweet things tasted,' without a feeling of regret. In his former letters, he discourses very pleasantly of Crows, and runs out, at pen-point, many pretty thoughts about them. He alludes to their sagacity and wonderful smartness in 'getting wind' of one who meditates their destruction: now it strikes me that I can account for this quickness of perception. Is it not *crow-knowledge* — *eh?* Please suggest it to him, and ask if he coincides in that opinion.' *Apropos* of these same Letters: Mr. CHARLES SCHRENER will soon publish them, with many additions, under the title of '*Up the River.*' The volume will be in all respects exquisite. The illustrations will be numerous, and *very* beautiful. We speak 'by the card,' for we have seen them. The printing and paper, also, will be of the first order of excellence. Think of this: *such* letters, in *such* a dress! The force of attraction 'can no farther go.' - - - We had a hearty laugh over an epistle which was sent to LAYARD, the celebrated exploring traveller, by the IMAUM ALI ZADI, rebuking the delving, inquisitive tendencies of the 'prying Englishman.' We condense a passage or two from this unique specimen of mingled oriental plain-speaking and polished blarney:

'MY ILLUSTRIOUS FRIEND AND JOY OF MY LIVER: The thing you ask of me is both difficult and useless. Although I have passed all my days in this place, I have neither counted the houses, nor have I inquired into the number of the inhabitants; and as to what one person loads on his mules, and the other stows away in the bottom of his ship, that is no business of mine. But, above all, as to the previous history of this city, God only knows the amount of dirt and confusion that the infidels may have eaten before the coming of the sword of ISLAM. It were impossible for us to inquire into it. O my soul! O my lamb! seek not after the things which concern thee not. Thou camest unto us, and we welcomed thee: go in peace. Of a truth, thou hast spoken many words, and there is no harm done, *for the speaker is one, and the listener is another.* After the fashion of thy people, thou hast wandered from one place to another, until thou art happy and content in none. We (praise be to God!) were born here, and never desire to quit it! Listen, O my son. There is no wisdom equal unto the belief in God. He created the world; and shall we liken ourselves unto Him, in seeking to penetrate into the mysteries of his creation? Shall we say, behold this star spinneth round that star, and this other star, with a tail, goeth and cometh in so many years? Let it go. He from whose hand it came will guide and direct it. But thou wilt say unto me, 'Stand aside, O man, for I am more learned than thou art, and have seen more things.' If thou thinkest that thou art in this respect better than I am, thou art welcome. I praise God that I seek not that which I require not. Will much knowledge create thee a double belly, or wilt thou seek paradise with thine eyes?'

How many a 'conversational' bore has had occasion to 'realize' that choice 'chunk' of oriental wisdom: 'The speaker is *one*, and the listener is *another*?' Moreover, how significant are the closing queries! - - - THE '*London Times*,' in a recent article, dwells at some length upon the change which has come over the public mind in England, in relation to the social position of her literary men: 'The titled nobility, of the highest intellectual class, it seems are identifying themselves with the literary taste of the age, descending from their social eminence in order to win still higher honor from

intellectual labor, and borrowing lustre from pursuits that add to the dignity of the noblest, as they give refinement and grace to the meanest, of men. The homage paid by the rulers of our country within the last few years to the literary profession, is among the most remarkable features of our remarkable time. An aristocratic chieftain sitting at the same council-table with a tribune of the people is surely a less marvellous sight than a Prime-Minister discoursing before the busy operatives of a manufacturing city upon the universality of SHAKESPEARE, and the tutored elegance of POPE. Hitherto, it has been a grievance, no less than a reproach, to the literary man, that for him no niche has been assigned in the social fabric. Assuredly, it will be his own fault now if he does not discover his rightful place, and take rank with his fellows.' - - - If 'the man that ha'n't got no music into his soul wants watchin' clust,' the individual spoken of below by a correspondent ought to have a 'gardeen' placed over him 'to-oncet.' 'Not half an hour ago, a man said to me, speaking of the lively singing of the birds yesterday: 'How the birds did *yell* yesterday morning! All the while, from day-break till breakfast-time, they kept a-hollering the *wo'st kind of murder!*' 'Murder!' - - - It is a little odd, perhaps, but it is true, that the other day, while listening to a very long, rambling, extempore prayer, the experience of poor JOE, in DICKENS' 'Bleak-House' came all at once forcibly to mind:

'Joe! Did you ever know a prayer?

'Never know'd nothink, Sir.'

'Not so much as one short prayer?'

'No, Sir. Nothink at all. MR. CHADBANDS he wos a prayin' wunst at Mr. SNAGSBY's, and I heerd him, but he sounded as if he was a speakin' to his-self, and not to me. He prayed a lot, but I could n't make out nothink on it. Different times there wos other gentlmen come down to TOM-ALL-ALONE's a prayin, but they all mostly sed as the t'other wuns prayed wrong, and all mostly sounded to be talking to theirselves, or a passing blame on the t'others, and not a talkin' to us. We never know'd nothink. I never know'd what it was all about.'

There is a world of meaning in this, 'if our philosophy could but find it out.' - - - MR. JULIUS CÆSAR HANNIBAL, the colored 'exhorter,' to whose 'lay-sermons' we recently alluded in these pages, has lately met with a sad misfortune. To use his own words, he 'hab bin *Goughed* in de mos' drefful manner;' all which he thus records:

'Ox de mornin in quesshun, I dress myself in all I had, determined to see de *Cristile Palace*, and so I set out for dat purpose. On my arribal at de door, de man dar wid a star on de cote was not a gwine to luff me in. I told him it was necessary for de good ob de community dat I should see de show, to tell my congregation 'bout it: den he ax me who I was, and w'en I tell'd him my name, de door was at once opened, de sogerin police opened on both sides ob de gang-plank, and I walked in, as proud as a hen at de head ob her brood ob one chicken. When I got in dar, I was astonished and putrifed at de sights I seen. On one side was a row ob *Wenis ob Medicine*, and on de odder, a row of *Apollo Belvedere*, in a state of nakedness, dat I t'ink shoob de ackted on by de Moral Deformed Society. Fig-leaves must hab bin mity sease in de country where dese tings war made. It struck me as bein curious dat no colored woman, man, or child, war in de exhibition; and I don't no de reason why: kase I'll turn dem out agin de world on *shape*. It was quare to me too, dat de sogerin police wood pass dese naked statues, and wink at de immodesty ob de ting; and I'll bet de Post-Office ag'in de Astor-House, dat if dese same sogerin police was to see me or you in de same state ob innocence in de street, no matter how beautiful a nattytude we might assume, dey wood take us afore de ole Chief, and we git tree monf's at hard labor.

'I can't tell you much 'bout what I seed in dere to-nite: sacrifice it to say, dat arter seein all I cood, I left, and was a-comin home to come here to lecture, when I seed a sine dat a krockerdile was to be seen, and as I was still firstin for nolage, I went in to see it. Wile dar, a w'ite man scraped my acquaintance, and was mity friendly. He sed he had heard ob me so offin, dat he wanted me to take a drink wid him; and when we left de krockerdile we journeyed to a soger-water shop for that porpois. I told him I did n't drink nuffin but sojer-water, and when it was poured out, he sed I had better

take a stick in it for my stomjack-sake, so I told him to put it in, and he did, and de *first* ting I node, I didn't noe nuffin; and de *new* ting I node, I found myself home in Anty CLAWSON's, wid de doctor on one side and a tin pan on the odder. I took an emittick and it wood n't stay on my stomjack, I was so bad. I am told dat I was found on a sellar-door fass asleep, and was carried home widout my hat, which was stolen from my venerable hed, on a wheel-barrer.

'Now I see how prone womankind and mankind am to gossip and slanderize; and I speck de fust ting I heah will be dat I was drunk, and dat I went on a spree; but de fust one in dis congregashun dat sez it, I'll find 'em two dollars, and take der cote till it's paid, and den I'll read him or her out ob dis community. It am yet to be shone wedder odder folks can't be *Goughed* as well as JOHN B.; derefore I warn you all not to luff your tongues run 'bout *me*. I'm determined to scrutinize my character at all hazzards, and I'll stick to myself like warm tar to a darkey's head. I don't feel in good trim to-night: my hed am as holler of idees as a dried bass-drum; but nex week, if I hab helf, you may look out for a lecture dat will be remembered.'

SAUNTERING leisurely northward, the other Sunday morning, on the shaded road that leads from Piermont along the graceful crescent-shore of the Tappan-Zee, toward the pleasant village of Nyack—holding in our own the yielding hand of a voluble little girl of four years, (soft and throbbing, like a bird, that was worth 'two in a bush,')—we were overtaken by a carriage, frequented always by a 'good physician,' who was now going on his errand of mercy, toward the charming *rus in urbe* in the onward distance, whither our own idle steps were tending. At his kind and cordial invitation, we became his '*compagnon de buggy*,' and journeyed pleasantly onward, until we arrived at 'the Docron's' place of destination, the residence of Mr. T——. There was 'healing in the creak of his shoes,' as we walked up the portico of the mansion—delightfully situated upon a bank, commanding the lordly river for miles up and down, and surrounded by spacious gardens, full of 'all manner of fruits;' and his reception showed how well himself, and his skill in his noble science, were appreciated by the host to whom, and his family, he came, with so evidently heart-felt a welcome. How we tarried long; how we plucked the ears of corn, the rosy tomatoes, and pulled the 'long red beets,' and were loaded down with the same; how we listened to the sweet-toned piano, from our host's own manufactory of that instrument; 'it boots not *now* to tell.' Some other time, may be. - - - 'HARRY HARRISON,' by the author of '*The Attorney*,' and by many readers considered superior to that very powerful and popular work, will soon be issued from the office of the KNICKERBOCKER, in a handsome volume. We have great pleasure in announcing, that a *New Story*, by the same author, will commence with our next number, and be regularly continued in each issue, until completed. Our readers may prepare for a work of rare and thrilling interest; nor will they be disappointed. - - - OUR old friend and correspondent, PIPES, of Pipesville, sent us an *admirable* letter from the 'Eternal City,' but we cannot find 'hide nor hair' of it. There is a little fat, baby-hand sometimes busy about our sanctum-table; but, being earnestly pressed to confess that he had taken it, he *lacked words* to express his indignation at the charge. Expect he took it, however. Apropos of this: will the author of '*Mr. Brown's Pigs*' furnish us with another copy of *his* article? *That*, too, is either lost or mislaid. - - - NOTICES of the 'PRESCOTT-HOUSE,' the New-York 'Organ,' Metropolitan Drama and Opera, two pages of 'Literary Record of New Publications,' and some three pages of capital 'Children's Gossip and Characteristics,' although in type, await another number.